# The Outlook

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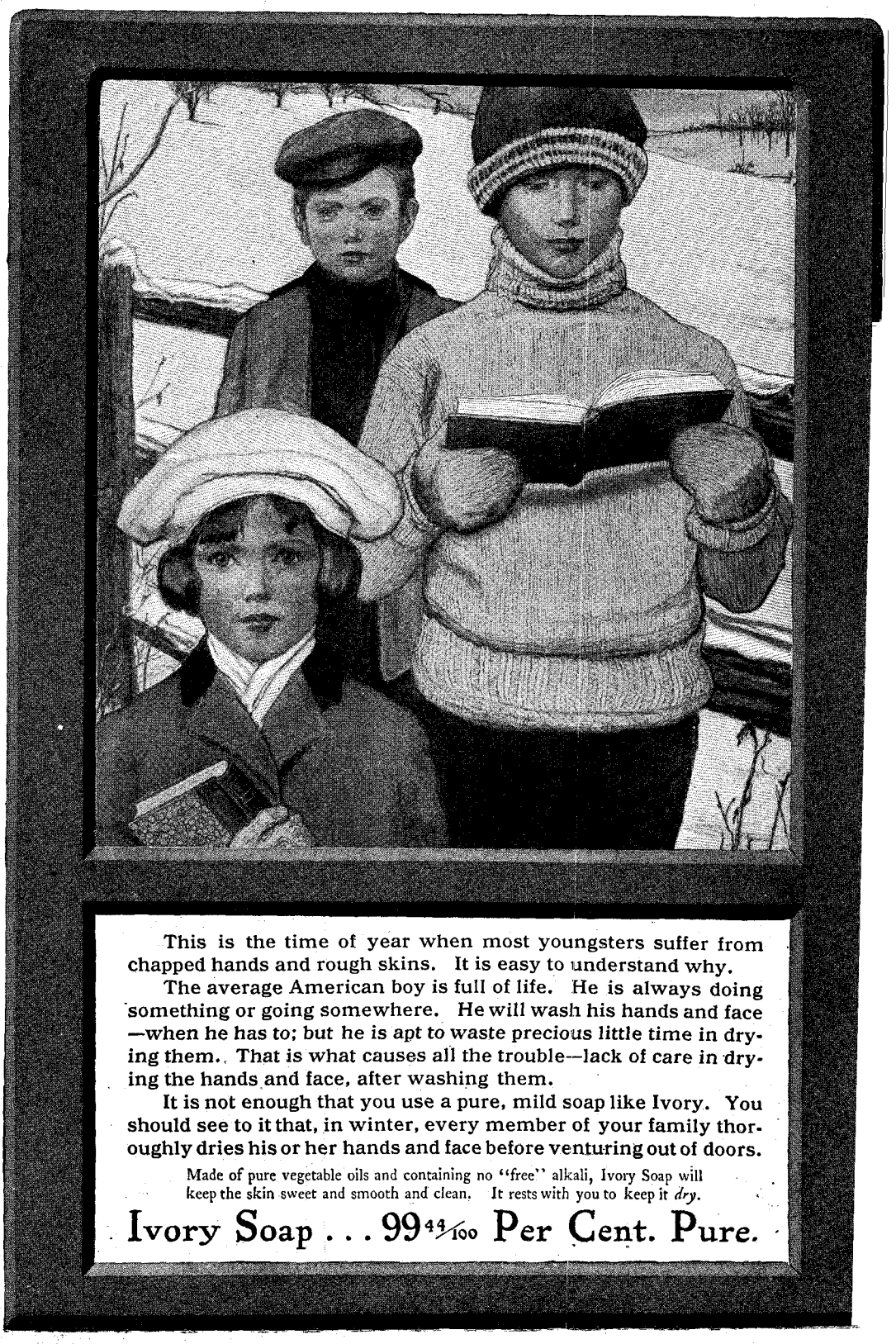

This is the time of year when most youngsters suffer from chapped hands and rough skins. It is easy to understand why.

The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face—when he has to; but he is apt to waste precious little time in drying them. That is what causes all the trouble—lack of care in drying the hands and face, after washing them.

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# The Outlook

*SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907*


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*The Causes of the Kingston Earthquake*

The fact that the terrible disaster on Monday of last week at and near Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, followed similar calamities at San Francisco and Valparaiso and was both preceded and followed by reports of earthquakes in the Pacific, in southern Russia, and elsewhere, has led many people to imagine that all these devastating earth-tremblings have had some common and general cause. But Professor Pirsson, of the Yale department of physical geology, points out that the idea of a "seismic epidemic" is quite unscientific. "There is probably," he says, "an earthquake somewhere on the earth every day. The recent ones have just happened to hit inhabited regions. . . . There are earthquakes every bit as severe as that of Kingston occurring every day which are never heard of." The most received modern theory as to causes of earthquake is that the vibrations come from the sudden slips of great masses of rock where geological "faults" exist; and that these slips are caused by tremendous pressure. The pressure in its turn comes sometimes from volcanic action (and Jamaica has at least one long-extinct volcano), sometimes from changes in sea-level and consequent shifting weights from above, sometimes from hardening or softening of great tracts of earth or rock. As the vibrations approach the surface they increase in their intensity, and when, as at Kingston or San Francisco, a populous city stands over the line of most violent disturbance, the calamity ensuing is of the most appalling class known in human history. In Kingston, as in San Francisco, devastating fire followed the destruction by shock, and to the spread of the fire and the cutting off of the water supply by the breaking of the mains are to be attributed the ruin of a large part of the city, including most of the business and public buildings. It is now two hundred and fifteen years since Jamaica was visited by a severe earthquake; in 1693 the old town of Port Royal was thus destroyed.

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*The Loss of Life: Relief Measures*

The estimates as to the loss of life differed widely even several days after the disaster. The Governor of Jamaica, Sir Alexander Swettenham, in a despatch on Thursday of last week to the British Colonial Office, stated that the burials up to that date were 343, and that "a few bodies are still covered by the ruins." But other despatches estimate the number of people killed at from five to twelve hundred—perhaps six hundred would be a fairly correct statement. About five hundred wounded and injured people have been treated in the hospitals and on board ship. The horror of the calamity and the intense suffering of the victims are indicated by such incidents as that one hundred and twenty employees were killed in the collapse of a cigar factory, and that seventy-nine amputations were performed on board the Arno, one of the vessels used as a hospital ship. Refugees who fled to Cuba say that twenty-five square blocks of the city were destroyed by fire, that most of the hotels were demolished, and that the electric power-house was overthrown and many persons lost their lives by coming into contact with charged electric wires. The condition of the homeless people was pitiable in the extreme. So far as known, no travelers or visitors from the United States were among the killed. The first and severest shock was felt at 3:30 on January 14; a number of slighter shocks followed. Rumors of a huge



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tidal wave and of the gradual subsidence of the city were not confirmed. As might be expected, our Government took prompt measures to render assistance, and two battle-ships which were comparatively near by were at once ordered to Jamaica, and their marines were landed to aid in enforcing order. A supply-ship followed. Congress authorized by joint resolution the use of naval supplies for immediate relief, and the offer of any assistance needed was made by cable to the British Foreign Office. But Governor Swettenham, annoyed by a trivial misunderstanding about a salute, and apparently resenting the landing of American parties to guard the United States consulate and to aid in helping the distressed and preserving order, wrote a letter to Admiral Davis in terms which the London Express calls "peremptory and cutting," while the London Mail terms the Governor's action "a deplorable blunder." Admiral Davis at once left Kingston with the battle-ships. The National Red Cross, under its new systematized and thorough organization, was prepared to act at once, and issued orders for supplies to be shipped instantly from New York. Contributions from individuals for the Jamaican sufferers may be made through State branches of the Red Cross, or by sending check or money-order directly to the Treasurer of the American National Red Cross at Washington.

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*Secretary Root on the Tariff*

The Secretary of State, Mr. Root, rarely makes a speech without furnishing a topic for serious thought and public debate. Whether one agrees with him or not, one must reckon with him. His latest speech, delivered before the National Convention for the Extension of Foreign Commerce in Washington last week, advocated a form of tariff revision which is not novel, but has not heretofore been generally discussed. He said: "In my judgment, the United States must come to a maximum and minimum tariff. A single straight-out tariff was all very well in a world of single straight-out tariffs, but we have passed on during the course of years into a world, for the most part, of maximum and minimum tariffs, and with our single-rate tariff we are left with very little opportunity to reciprocate good treatment from other countries in their tariffs and very little opportunity to defend ourselves against bad treatment." There are three tariff policies before the country: (1) Tariff for revenue only, which it is certain the country would not adopt; (2) the maintenance of the present protective tariff, formed to exclude all foreign competition with home-made goods, of which it is certain the country is growing very tired; (3) some form of reciprocity, for the double purpose of admitting some measure of foreign competition into America, and of promoting commerce with other countries by America. But past experience has indicated that no reciprocity treaty will get through the Senate. The special interest threatened by reciprocity will rally to its support many other special interests, and two-thirds of the Senators cannot be found to agree to any scheme of bargaining which does not give all the advantages of the bargain to the United States. The maximum and minimum tariff plan would enable the President by executive order to reduce the tariff to a specified minimum or to raise it to a specified maximum, as in his judgment the commercial interests of the country might require. In brief, it would give him a limited power of attorney for the purposes of conducting commercial bargains with other countries. This is not, in our judgment, all the tariff reform that is needed; but it looks as if it were all the tariff reform that can be secured at the present time from the Republican party, and as such it may well be welcomed by those who agree with The Outlook in desiring tariff reductions of a much more radical character.

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*A French View of American Colonial Government*

Those who, with The Outlook, believe that the people of the United States have treated the people of the Philippine Islands, not as the subjects of imperial conquest, but as brothers and neighbors

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in need of a helping hand, will be interested in a letter by Dr. David P. Barrows which is published in the Manila Times. Dr. Barrows is Director of Education in the Philippines, and his letter is a digest of a paper published in Paris in which the French colonial expert M. de Lamothe discusses the American colonial policy in the Philippines. M. de Lamothe has spent thirty years in the colonial service of the French Government, having in that time been Governor of two colonies in America, two in Africa, and two in the Far East, and he "was commissioned by the Governor-General of Indo-China to visit the Dutch, English, and American possessions in Malaysia with a view of reporting upon their administration for the instruction of French colonial officials." Dr. Barrows points out that Governor de Lamothe is distinguished from other foreign critics of the Philippine administration by the fact that he has actually dealt with colonial problems himself in a responsible official position. M. de Lamothe is struck with the fact that the Philippine archipelago is an area almost three-fifths the size of France and contains a population of nearly 8,000,000 natives of diverse tribes and tongues. The difficulties and the expense of administering such a territory have created a strong opposition at home, but the people of the United States have persisted in their difficult task because to abandon it "would risk not only throwing into anarchy the eight millions of Filipinos, but provoking the jealousy of foreign powers which would endanger the peace of the world." And "these moral reasons for the American domination in the Philippines have determined its character." The school system he considers the most important phase of the work, because it is the "corner-stone of the entire political system of the Americans in the Philippine archipelago." During the three hundred and fifty years of their domination in the islands the Spaniards had not succeeded in making their language the common language of the people, as in Mexico. "Out of the 7,500,000 inhabitants, at the most, according to generally accepted estimates, 300,000, or, according to the most optimistic, 500,000, could so much as converse poorly in Spanish, while only 100,000 at the most possessed in that language an instruction corresponding with us." The Americans, on the contrary, have begun at once to teach the people in a systematic and comprehensive way the English language. "They have brought from America nearly a thousand teachers, men and women; not pedagogues of an inferior category with certificates of an elementary character—as has too often been done in our colonies, and especially in Indo-China—but graduates holding accredited diplomas from the universities of the United States." Not only has this been done, but in less than four years a considerable and influential body of native teachers has been formed. In four years' time four hundred thousand young Filipinos were regularly, although voluntarily, attending the American schools, while under Spanish rule in 350 years there were enrolled hardly 200,000 pupils, "with a very mediocre average of attendance." The American teacher "is truly the friend of all, the representative of the idea of progress. He has known how, in introducing entirely new pedagogic methods, to interest in study the pupils who experienced nothing but *ennui* in the schools of the Spanish régime." As a Frenchman, M. de Lamothe is particularly struck with the success in a Roman Catholic country, accustomed to Spanish forms of social etiquette, of "the audacious innovation of co-education." The final conclusion of M. de Lamothe is that the American policy of partnership in colonial administration ought to be substituted for the general policy of domination adopted by France, England, and the Netherlands, in the "splendid territories" lying about the China Sea, and populated by more than sixty million men and women.

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*The Debate on the Brownsville Affray*

The useless debate on the Brownsville incident continues in the Senate—useless because it is morally certain that the Senate will not come to any unanimous decision upon the case, and any judgment which lacks unanimity will have less influence on



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public opinion than the unanimous reports of the two investigations which have already taken place and the judgment of the Secretary of War based upon the evidence therein given. It is only for its effect on public opinion that the Senatorial investigation is proposed. The Senate has no Constitutional right to interfere with the action of the President as the Commander-in-Chief of the army. If he has exceeded his Constitutional powers, the only remedy is impeachment, and the Senate cannot initiate impeachment. Senator Foraker's opposition to the President's action is based on the false assumption that a soldier's position in the army is a right of which he can be deprived only as a punishment after trial. It is on this ground that he insists that the investigation should have been a public one and the witnesses cross-examined. In fact, if complaint is made against an Indian agent, a postmaster, or other subordinate official, the usual course is to send an inspector and investigate the case, and if, on the report of that inspector, the President is satisfied that the good of the service demands a discharge, the discharge follows. It would be impossible to conduct even the civil administration of the country if the head of the Government could never discharge a subordinate except upon legal evidence of crime and a formal trial. One aspect of the President's order gave to it an appearance of punishment—that which debarred the discharged soldiers from employment in the civil service, and this portion of his order the President has rescinded in the following words: "I am now satisfied that the effect of my order dismissing these men without honor was not to bar them from all civil employment under the Government, and therefore the part of the order which consisted of a declaration to this effect was lacking in validity, and I have directed that such portion be revoked." We do not say that this Senatorial debate has been provoked by the desire to gain a factional advantage in the Republican party, but it has had all the disadvantages it would have had if this had been the animating purpose. A tournament involving the race issue between two knights errant of the character of Senator Foraker and Senator Tillman is of distinct disadvantage to the negro race and of no advantage to the rest of the people.

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*Will Congress Pass a Citizenship Law?*

Mr. Hay's policy in the direction of naturalization and citizenship is being vigorously pursued by Mr. Root, his successor as Secretary of State. Two years ago Mr. Hay's report on naturalization was sent to Congress, setting forth the faulty laws under which we had been living and the careless character of their administration. During the recess of Congress a Naturalization Commission was appointed by the President. Its exhaustive report was the basis of a comprehensive bill passed at the last session. The measure settled the question of naturalization, but did not touch certain unsettled questions of citizenship, expatriation, and protection abroad which have brought upon the State Department a great amount of unnecessary and intolerable imposition, from which it should long ago have been relieved. Congress was asked to provide for a commission to report on these questions, and the Senate passed a joint resolution favoring it. The House Committee, however, suggested instead that the report be made by the Department, whereupon the Secretary created a Commission consisting of Mr. James B. Scott, the Department's Solicitor, Dr. David Jayne Hill, American Minister at The Hague and formerly Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Passport Bureau; the last named had also been a member of the Naturalization Commission. The conclusions reached by this Commission were published a fortnight ago. They consist of recommendations for constructive and declaratory legislation and for executive regulations. As to constructive legislation, one of the recommendations concerns those who have declared their intention to become American citizens, who have not yet been admitted as such, but who find themselves on a visit abroad without the protection of their native or their adopted country; without the first, since

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they have formally declared their intention to forswear their allegiance; without the second, because they are not yet our citizens. The Commission recommends that qualified passports be issued to such persons, if they go abroad for a stay so brief that it will not interrupt the real continuity of their American residence, the passports not to be effective, however, in the country of the declarant's origin. As to declaratory legislation, since Congress has, strangely enough, never defined how Americans may lose their citizenship, the Commission recommends the passage of an act declaring that expatriation of an American citizen may be assumed when he obtains naturalization in a foreign State, or when he engages in the service of a foreign State, such service involving the taking of an oath of allegiance, or when he becomes domiciled five years in a foreign State without intention of returning. This upsets the old theory, Once an American citizen always an American citizen. Furthermore, Congress is asked to declare that an American woman marrying a foreigner thereby becomes a foreigner. Upon the dissolution of her marriage, however, either by the death of her husband or by divorce from him, she may, if she choose, revert to her original citizenship. As to children, according to existing law, those born in this country, except in foreign legations, are American citizens. Concerning children born abroad of alien and non resident parents, one of whom has since been naturalized, the Commission recommends that the naturalization of the father shall confer citizenship upon minor children only if they come here actually to reside. These recommendations ought to be established by legislation. They will be if the House of Representatives and the Senate pass the Citizenship Bill favorably reported last week by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

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*Not Cheapness but Equal Rights*

The New York Sun last week laid a weighty load on the conscience of President Roosevelt. In one of those infrequent editorials in which the Sun appears to be serious, almost tearful, it exclaims over the President: "He is responsible for the general insanity on the subject of railroads which all sorts of communities betray everywhere throughout the country." In what does this insanity consist? Let the Sun diagnose the case: "On all sides there is an insistent clamor for lower rates for all classes of transportation." The Sun, moved by profound pity for the "thrice unhappy railroad executive," recites as alarming symptoms the laws which are being enacted. We shall, it seems, have to turn our insane asylums into refuges for the few remaining sane, who can then in security mournfully view the destruction on which the populace is intent. No wonder it is led to inquire with fear, "What is going to come of it all?" This brilliant journal, which sees humor in everything except its own comically serious moods, takes its cue from the new President of the Southern Railway, Mr. W. W. Finley. In a published statement he showed how the cost of railway operation had advanced. Bridge timber, cross ties, steel rails, locomotives, passenger coaches, freight cars, coal cars, labor, taxes—all have increased in cost; and besides there are "excessive verdicts of juries in personal-injury cases" and the heavy penalties which many States impose on carriers for failures of service. At the same time there is a growing demand for additional track capacity, and there is need for improvement in safety appliances. It is a serious dilemma in which Mr. Finley thinks that he and his fellow railway managers are placed. This is the way he describes it:

> As bearing upon the capacity of the railroad companies to obtain the means to make necessary additions to their facilities and to provide the most approved safety appliances in operation, the public should give fair business consideration to the situation which confronts the carriers.
>
> The present situation is:
>
> An immense increase in all expenses, without any increase in rates—in fact, with the proposition almost universally made to decrease rates by legislative action.

The real difficulty is that the Sun and Mr. Finley, and other journals and railway managers that argue like them, are in terror of a creation of their own rhetoric. It is not the American Nation that is going crazy; it is rather they who

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seem to be the victims of a "fixed idea." The laws for the regulation of railway rates do not embody "a proposition almost universally made to decrease rates by legislation;" they have not been enacted in consequence of "an insistent clamor for lower rates for all classes of transportation." To characterize railway rate regulation in these terms is like declaring that the American colonists fought England in order to get cheap tea. What the American colonists resented was not heavy taxation, but taxation levied unjustly; and what the people of the United States now resent is not exorbitant railway rates, but rates exacted arbitrarily and unequally. The American people are saying, not, "We want goods carried at lower cost," but, "We insist that goods shall be carried on terms equally open to all." Because the railways have been either unable or unwilling to make sure that no shipper and no locality should have any advantage in rates over any other shipper or locality, for the same service, the people "everywhere throughout the country" (to use the Sun's phrase) are demanding that the Government fix the rates. Better than special rates to favored shippers would be higher rates to all. But, higher or lower, let the rates be fair. That is the purport of this "clamor." That is the nature of this "proposition almost universally made." In the matter of freight rates the American people are determined to secure, not cheapness, but equal rights.

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*Are We Too Prosperous?*

What the increased demand is for transportation facilities, of which Mr. Finley speaks, was impressively described in a letter addressed to Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, by Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad. He declares that "it is not by accident that railroad building has declined to its lowest within a generation, at the very time when all other forms of activity have been growing most rapidly." He then utters a part, at least, of the same complaint which Mr. Finley put forth. Railways have been made unpopular by legislation; they have been unduly taxed; investors have been frightened; consequently, while wealth has increased, facilities for transporting that wealth and making it available have almost stood still. "Within the past ten years," says Mr. Hill, "the volume of railroad business in this country has increased over 110 per cent." With that statement he contrasts the recent very moderate increase in mileage. To take care of a traffic growing at an average of eleven per cent. a year (for the past ten years), there is a mileage which has grown since 1904 only at the rate of 1½ per cent. a year. There are plenty of cars, but they cannot be moved because there are not enough tracks. Within the next five years the railways, he argues, ought to build fifteen thousand miles of track each year. In order to do this, the railways would require each year two million tons of steel rails, which is nearly two-thirds of the annual product of all the rolling-mills in the United States. This and the other necessary items would cause an annual expenditure of over a billion dollars. All this just to keep pace with the growing business of the country. These figures appear to us to emphasize the need of a greater unification of our railway system, and therefore of some settled measures of Federal control. It is not, as Mr. Hill seems to think, unjust legislation that has produced the conditions of which he complains; it is the uncertainty growing out of the unrestricted manipulation of railways by men who have not been held sufficiently accountable to the people who use and support the railways. Surely, in the face of Mr. Hill's figures, there is some reason for the Nation to be frightened at its own prosperity, and stand in awe at the problem of seeing that its enormous wealth is justly distributed among those who have really created it.

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*An Autocratic Rule*

The New York State Senate has imitated the fabled action of the ostrich, which is said to hide its head in the sand and so imagine that it can escape the eye of the hunter. It has adopted a rule empowering the Clerk to withdraw, without

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special authority from the Senate, the license to any press representative to have all of the usual press privileges in the Senate in the discharge of his professional duties. The excuse for this action is that some newspapers have treated some Senators with great disrespect; the real reason for the action is probably correctly interpreted by the New York Times:

> All candid and right-thinking men will admit that the presence of a vigilant body of correspondents is a constant source of danger to legislative measures involving jobs and steals. If the Senate Chamber, as some observers predict, is to be made this winter the graveyard of Governor Hughes's policies, anybody can understand that the gravediggers would feel more free and comfortable if the reporters, or certain reporters, were out of the way.

That Senator Raines and Senator Grady should have advocated this measure is not strange; the people of the State are not accustomed to look to these political leaders for statesmanlike views or policies. But that Senator Armstrong should have voted for it is both a puzzle and a disappointment to his best friends. The law should protect the right of a man to his reputation as well as to his purse, but both rights should be protected by the same method. There would be something to be said for a law providing for more summary proceedings against irresponsible newspapers for libelous attacks, but there is nothing to be said for a resolution which gives to the Clerk of the Senate autocratic power to determine what papers shall be given and what papers shall be denied special privileges in reporting to the public the proceedings of the State Legislature.

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*Race-Track Gambling*

For eleven years the State of New York has been in a humiliating position in regard to race-track gambling. All kinds of gambling are alike expressly and positively prohibited by the Constitution of the State, as revised in 1894. Other forms of gambling, and even betting on horse races, when the betting is done outside the limits of a race-course, are recognized as crimes by the State laws, to be suppressed by the police forces of the communities of the State, and punished by the courts. By a deliberate act of the Legislature, in direct defiance of the Constitution, the one act of betting on a horse race *within the limits of a race-track* has been practically legalized. The Constitution, after prohibiting all forms of gambling, provided that "the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section." In pursuance of the duty thus imposed, the Legislature of 1895 passed the Percy-Gray Law, which prohibited betting on race-tracks, and provided as a penalty that the loser of a wager might sue the winner and recover twice the amount of his bet. The law further provided that this should be an exclusive penalty for the offense. The ridiculous inadequacy, the utter futility, of the penalty is so obvious as to require no comment. The intent of the framers of the law to evade the positive prohibition of the Constitution is undisputed. The effect of the law has been to work a flagrant injustice. Betting on a race within an inclosure may be done with impunity, subject only to a ridiculous penalty which no one would ever think of trying to inflict. Betting on a race ten feet away on the other side of a fence is a crime punishable by not less than a year's imprisonment. For ten years Legislature after Legislature has acquiesced in the utterly immoral act passed in 1895. One reason for their callous indifference to their oaths of office, which bound them to support the Constitution, and to principles of simple right and justice, arises from the astute action of the framers of the Percy-Gray Law. The law contains a provision that five per cent. of the gross receipts of the racing associations shall go to the State for the encouragement of agriculture. This money has been divided among the agricultural societies to provide prizes for county fairs. In the words of ex-Governor Higgins, "the largess of a quarter of a million dollars a year distributed annually among agricultural fairs throughout the State has created a selfish and unnatural community of interest [with gamblers] which is to be deplored." All efforts in past years to influence the Legislature

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have been of no avail. Now District Attorney Jerome has taken up the fight and promises to wage it with all his characteristic energy and fire. He has prepared three bills, which have been introduced in the Legislature. One amends the Percy-Gray Law so as to put race-track gambling in the same category as any other form of gambling. A second appropriates $210,000 for distribution among the agricultural fairs. This provision will deprive the agricultural interests of any possible reason for opposing the amendment. The third amends the Penal Code so as to make gambling a misdemeanor rather than a felony. The reason for this is that the penalty for committing a felony is so severe that it is practically impossible in the present state of public sentiment to secure convictions in gambling cases. In Mr. Jerome's opinion, it will greatly aid the District Attorneys of the State in suppressing gambling to have this amendment passed. At a meeting in New York last week of a committee of ministers of the different denominations in the city and representatives of the National Federation of Churches, Mr. Jerome secured the promise of their co-operation in his fight. The National Federation will undertake the work of arousing the churches of the State to the importance of the repeal of the vicious law. The fight will be a hard one. It will need the co-operation of every decent element in the State. The gambling element is powerful; what is more, it is fighting for its life. A united public opinion is the only weapon that can prevail against it.

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*The Fare to Coney Island*

The Court of Appeals of the State of New York has rendered a decision which has been misinterpreted by newspapers that ought to be intelligent enough to understand it. Last summer a trolley line running from Brooklyn to Coney Island charged each passenger ten cents for the trip. This was in direct defiance of a court decision which declared that the company had no right to charge more than half that sum. For several days the patrons of the road, the employees of the company, and the police engaged in an altercation which at times became riotous. Finally the company, pending a decision by the highest court of the State, gave each passenger a receipt entitling the recipient to a rebate of five cents if the decision finally proved adverse to the company. The Court of Appeals has now handed down its decision. This is, in brief, that the law forbidding a railway to charge more than one fare within the limits of any city or village applies only to street surface railways, and therefore does not prohibit the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company from charging an additional fare over what was originally a steam railway. This reverses Judge Gaynor's decision—though in a different suit—that the Rapid Transit Company had no right to charge such double fare, but it does not make it any less true that Judge Gaynor's decision was law until reversed by a higher court, and that the Rapid Transit Company was lawless in its disregard of that decision. What that court decided was for the time being law, and that decision, rendered in favor of one individual passenger, was applicable, until reversed, to all passengers. It is only on this principle that order can be maintained in organized society.

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*Child Labor: What Has Been Gained*

Lack of uniformity in all the essentials of child labor laws—in age limits, hours of labor, school attendance, educational requirements, briefly, in all protection—this is what emerges most prominently from a study of the Handbook of Child Labor Legislation issued by the National Consumers' League. The Handbook, originally published as a four-page leaflet in 1902, has expanded to a sixty-four page pamphlet, issued this year as the January Supplement to the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. During 1905 a compulsory education law was enacted for the District of Columbia, and seven States changed their child labor laws—Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, and New York. Of these most interest attached to the

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Georgia law, since it removed Georgia from the blacklist of States and Territories which have no protection whatsoever for working children. The District of Columbia still remains in that list, Congress at its last session having failed to enact the District Child Labor Bill. The new Georgia law, like the laws of the other industrial States of the South, will afford only a minimum of restriction upon employment of very young children, until provision is made for factory inspectors, truant officers, and effective registration of births. Notwithstanding the gradual legislative gains of each year, uniformity has not yet been secured even in the laws fixing the age at which children may begin to work. While the number of States slowly increases which set fourteen years as the minimum age, four States still permit children to work at ten years—Nebraska (in vacation), Alabama, Georgia, and Arkansas—if they are children of widows or of disabled fathers. In the North three States, which have cotton-mills employing children—Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont—still permit children to work at twelve years of age. This is nominally only in vacation, but the return of children to school after the summer is obviously almost impossible to enforce. In addition, two glass-manufacturing States —Maryland and West Virginia—still allow children to work at twelve years, and eight mining States allow children of the same age to work in mines. Uniformity is lacking also in the laws restricting children's hours of labor. Here the most hopeful showing is made by the growing list of States that set an early closing hour for children to the age of sixteen years. This includes Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, New York, Ohio, and Oregon. Illinois, in addition, leads all the States in having and enforcing an eight-hour day for minors under sixteen years. But, on the other hand, the District of Columbia and twenty-nine States and Territories have set no legal closing hour after which children may not be employed. Without this invaluable provision, laws restricting hours of labor by the day or by the week are practically non-enforceable. No law affords real protection against night work—the greatest menace to the children—unless it fixes a definite end of the working day.

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*Child Labor a National Question*

In contrast to this hodge-podge of State laws on ages and hours (and the diversity is as great regarding educational requirements, dangerous occupations, etc.) the Handbook includes the text of the Beveridge-Parsons Child Labor Bill, introduced in the United States Senate in December. This proposes to exclude from inter-State commerce all products of mines and factories which employ children under the age of fourteen years, thus setting the minimum standard for all the States of the Union. The bill marks an epoch in the history of Federal legislation. For the first time, the principle is embodied in a proposed law that children in Georgia, Florida, or Alabama have the same rights to childhood as children in Oregon or Illinois; that the Nation accepts the task of safeguarding its future citizens against overwork in childhood, as it already protects consumers against the transportation of poisons and adulterations in their foodstuffs. National interest in the fight against child labor is further illustrated by the fact that there are now pending before Congress, besides the Beveridge-Parsons Bill, the Lodge Child Labor Bill, the bill for the Children's Bureau in the Department of the Interior, the District of Columbia Child Labor Bill, and the bill for the investigation of the work of women and children. The vital importance of court decisions on child labor laws was exemplified during the past year in Pennsylvania, where the admirable law of 1905 was declared unconstitutional by two courts. Under these rulings, the two most valuable provisions of the Pennsylvania law are void, those requiring documentary proof of age and an educational qualification, before beginning to work, for children under sixteen years of age. The only proof of age now required in Pennsylvania is the affidavit of parent or guardian. Experience has shown that this is valueless as proof and merely places a premium on perjury. In contrast to the Pennsylvania decision, the decisions of the

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Supreme Courts of California and Oregon (the texts of which are included in the Handbook) upholding the 1905 child labor laws of those two States are of particular interest. Even the most ardent believers in the right of the separate States to regulate social conditions within their borders must be convinced by the facts presented in this admirable handbook of the almost hopeless confusion that has resulted from the attempts to regulate the abuses of child labor by State legislation.

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*Justice for the Blind*

If Boston is the Athens of America, New York City is its Corinth. But if all the Bostonians do not "spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," neither are all New Yorkers engaged in nothing else than in making money and spending it in luxury and ostentation. Two remarkably successful meetings held last week evidenced the interest that is felt among the wealthier classes of the latter city in philanthropic and missionary movements, if sensibly conducted and effectively presented. On the same evening an audience of twelve hundred filled the large audience-room at the Waldorf-Astoria to hear of a comparatively new movement to help the blind to help themselves, and an audience of about three thousand packed Carnegie Hall from the floor to the upper gallery, gathered to hear Dr. Grenfell tell of his work in Labrador. The blind have long been an object of charity—and injustice. The State teaches the seeing to read and write, and it equips them with the training necessary to enable them to earn their livelihood, while the blind it has generally treated as it treats the insane, housed them, fed them, and clothed them in asylums—and in idleness, or furnished them with such play-industry as bead-work, which, to quote Helen Keller, could "be looked upon only with the eye of pity." The new movement demands that the community do for the blind what it does for the seeing—teach them to read and write, and equip them for self-support by training them in those industries in which experience has proved they can become proficient. That this is possible the meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria abundantly demonstrated, not merely by the facts reported, but by the facts actually witnessed by the audience. They listened to a blind violinist whose skill evoked admiration, not pity, and to a blind lecturer who explained stereopticon pictures which he could not himself see; and they witnessed moving pictures of the blind bicycling, running races, playing games, and performing extraordinary athletic feats. But the interest of the evening was centered on Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, and yet graduated on equal terms with the seeing from Radcliffe College. To see her lifelong companion and friend, Mrs. Macy, by the play of her fingers on Miss Keller's hand interpret to her what the speakers were saying, to see the interest depicted on a countenance that was anything but dumb, to see her applaud with enthusiasm and laugh with hearty appreciation at happy hits, and then to hear her speak in a well-tempered plea for justice for the blind, in a speech wonderfully clear in enunciation, and to realize that she could not hear a word of what she was herself saying, while Dr. Graham Bell, holding her hand, and speaking with her every now and then by the sign language on her hand, interpreted her for the benefit of the remoter listeners—this furnished a picture never to be forgotten, and constituted a more earnest plea for imprisoned souls than any words, however well chosen, could furnish. For information as to this movement, address Miss Winifred Holt, 44 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City, or C. F. F. Campbell, 678 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

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*A Modern Missionary*

Those who fear that the nerve of missions has been cut by the new theology, and that the age is becoming less altruistic as it is becoming less theological, might have found some abatement of their fears had they attended the other meeting held that same evening, the Grenfell meeting at Carnegie Hall, where an enormous audience filled one of the largest

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auditoriums in New York City to hear a missionary story. They were told that if they did not get there early they could not get in, so they got there early and sat patiently in their seats until Dr. Grenfell's lecture should begin. There was no orchestra, no flowers, no array of distinguished speakers—nothing but an empty stage, two chairs, and a large white screen upon which some lantern pictures illustrating the lecture were to be thrown. No such audience would have gathered to see the same pictures accompanied by a description, no matter how eloquent, of a journey of exploration and adventure. They came because they wanted to hear the man, genuine, simple, vigorous, and masterful, tell what he was doing in Labrador to carry out Christ's mission as Christ himself defined it—preach glad tidings to the poor, heal the broken-hearted, and set at liberty them that are bruised—to make men more healthy, more intelligent, more hopeful, and therefore happier, more useful, and more virtuous. Dr. Grenfell is so genuine a man himself, so modest, so absolutely unconscious of any of the arts of the emotional religious orator, that his hearers, while they listen to him with the keenest interest and with an awakened desire to become his helpers and co-workers, are not likely to appreciate how great a man he is. He is the master and navigator of a small steamer which cruises about that rock-bound, unlighted coast in a way that astonishes even the Labrador fishermen themselves, and they are among the most fearless sailors in the world; he can amputate a leg, contract the walls of a pleuritic lung by shortening the ribs, or cure, by the use of modern methods but with home-made appliances, a man suffering from a certain form of paralysis of the lower limbs; a hundred and fifty miles from a shipyard he can raise the stern of his little iron steamer out of the water by the rough application of the principles of hydraulics, and repair her propeller; he can handle dynamite, and blast out an excavation under one of his simple hospital buildings in which to place a heating apparatus; he can start a lumber-mill and teach the starving inhabitants of lonely Labrador not only how to handle a saw, but how to sell the product for a living wage; he can establish co-operative stores, and, what is better, make them pay, so that those fishermen who have practically been slaves to unscrupulous traders, never seeing the smallest piece of silver from one year's end to another, can accumulate their little savings in cash; and he has a "muscular Christianity" that enables him to knock down and drag out the human beast that comes into Labrador to add the illicit whisky-bottle to the other sources of the suffering which the inhabitants have to endure. Sailor, surgeon, engineer, industrial leader, manufacturer, explorer, and policeman, as well as teacher and preacher, he combines in one person all, or nearly all, the activities that make the best modern missions a center of civilization and a bringer of life wherever they are established. And one has but to talk to him and live with him to know that all his activities spring from the most profound and yet the most simple and unostentatious religious spirit. Any one who desires to know more of him and his work may address Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Secretary of the Grenfell Association, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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*The French Bishops*

The meager reports of the action of the French bishops at the council held in Paris last week throw very little light on the real attitude of the official leaders of the French Church towards the policy of the Vatican in that country; and it is impossible, at this distance and with such imperfect knowledge, to determine whether the conclusions reached by the bishops recorded their own opinion of what was wise and best for the Church, or whether they acted in submission to the sharply defined policy of the Pope. It is probable that certain matters were practically taken out of the range of discussion at the very start, and among these the continuation of public worship, the Pope having declared that public worship must be maintained. The address to the Pope, framed by the council, expresses the gratitude of the French people for the Encyclical reported in The Outlook last week, and

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puts on record the absolute obedience of the Church in France. It declares that the Church cannot accept the attitude of the Government in refusing to recognize the hierarchy and the inviolability of the property and liberty of the Church; it also protests against the charge that the Pope has been influenced by considerations other than the peace and prosperity of the French Church, and that the French bishops are following the Pope as a matter of arbitrary obedience rather than by conviction. The significance of this address depends on the spirit in which it was framed; its practical effect may be to fasten the policy of the Pope on the Church in France, though that is not yet certain.

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## *Centralized Democracy*

Sometimes one does not know whether to take Mark Twain seriously or not. Does he really fear that a monarchy is coming in this country, or is he only chaffing when he writes in the North American Review;

> I suppose we must expect that unavoidable and irresistible Circumstances will gradually take away the powers of the States and concentrate them in the central government, and that the Republic will then repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy; but I believe that if we obstruct these encroachments and steadily resist them the monarchy can be postponed for a good while yet.

Whether Mark Twain is afraid of a monarchy or is only poking fun at those who fear it, there is no doubt of the solemn seriousness of the editor of the North American Review:

> The present proposal, therefore, to "obliterate State lines," even to the "extinction of State authority," involves a complete reversal of our basic theory of government, and strikes at the very root of personal freedom.
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> It is our firm conviction that we are at the beginning of such a struggle now, and that, as solemnly adjured by Daniel Webster, we must "not wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy," if, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, we would retain "our peculiar security in the possession of a written constitution, not made a blank paper by *construction*."

The Providence Journal in a thoughtful editorial furnishes a complete answer to these nightmare apprehensions, and points out the real dangers to liberty, the remedy for which is to be found in what we venture to call a "Centralized Democracy:"

> The motive behind the magnifying of the Federal power is essentially and wholesomely democratic. The people have seen the baronial influence in America waxing great in spite of the "beneficent balance" established by the framers of the United States Constitution—to some extent, indeed, because of this "balance." The inter-State trusts have had their rise because no one State was powerful enough to keep them down—and because some States were distinctly favorable to them. They have grown fat and arrogant on "State sovereignty," as slavery prospered upon it two generations ago. And not the least danger to democracy at the present moment consists in the venality or subservience of State legislatures that send to the upper house of Congress multimillionaires of the familiar contemporary type.
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> We may differ among ourselves as to the seriousness of the Federal menace that threatens the boundaries of the individual States, but it is foolish to magnify the trend toward "centralization" into a drift toward monarchy, when it is chiefly through the agency of the States as States that our new American oligarchy is fastening its grip on the law-making power. The "centralizers" are nearer to the people than the "barons" are. They have emphasized the Federal power, if at all, because of the undemocratic tendencies of the States.

We said some years ago—we quote from memory—that if the time should ever come when one small body of men controlled the lights, and another small body controlled the fuel, and another the meats, and another the lumber, and another the transportation, and another the currency, we should be perilously near a despotism. For whenever an oligarchy controls the necessities of life, it controls the life, whatever the political forms may be. That peril America confronts today. The danger to personal freedom in America is from a real plutocracy, not from an imaginary monarchy; from money kings, not from an autocratic President and Cabinet; from the Goulds and Vanderbilts and Harrimans and Rockefellers, not from the Roosevelts, the Roots, and the Tafts.

And the only way in which the Ameri-

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can people can reach and overcome that peril is by a Centralized Democracy. Centralized capital is more than a match for decentralized political power. Concentrate the capital of the Nation in the hands of a score of men and scatter the political power of the Nation among more than a score of States, and it needs no prophet to foretell the result. We may expect for the next decade that great capitalists will be warm advocates of States' rights. They will be supported by doctrinaires who dread the ghosts of long dead and buried perils more than perils that are armed and very much alive. Perils of monarchy! Roots of personal freedom! What has given Mr. Roosevelt his political power? What has, in fact, threatened the freedom of the American citizen?

No doubt Mr. Roosevelt has exercised a greater influence over legislation than any President in the last half-century. But how? By a display of military power? Has there been in sight any possibility of an American Cromwell dispersing a recalcitrant House of Representatives? No one imagines that. Has he then dragooned or bribed the House by his use of patronage? No man since Jackson's time, not even Grover Cleveland, has used patronage so little for political ends. The same critics who condemn him for the exercise of autocratic power condemn him for relegating appointments to the Congressmen. He has seen a public injustice; he has felt the rising but unexpressed public indignation; he has helped to form the public will; he has given voice to that indignation and that will. And Congress has passed the Railway Rate Regulation Bill, not in response to the demand of the President, but in response to the demand of the people interpreted by a President who understood them and spoke for them. This is not autocracy; it is Centralized Democracy, and in this Centralized Democracy is the hope, not the peril, of America. Money kings it is very difficult to dethrone, but the President and his Cabinet can be relegated to private life at the next election if they do not rightly interpret and justly and efficiently carry out the public will.

And personal freedom! Is it threatened by a law that compels the railways to charge all customers and all communities just and equal rates? Is the personal freedom to charge unjust and unequal rates one which it is necessary for the American people to safeguard? Or is personal freedom threatened by unregulated railways giving such favored rates to favored customers and favored communities as build up a few multi-millionaires and strangle scores of independent competitors? Is the "root of personal freedom" struck at by a law which forbids inter-State railways from carrying the products of factories and mines where little children are employed? Is the right to rob childhood of its playground and its school-room a right that the American people wish to safeguard? Or is the root of personal freedom threatened by an unregulated traffic which leaves unscrupulous men to grow rich on the wasted lives of little children and compels more scrupulous men to follow their infamous example against their will or go out of business?

The peril to American institutions is not political autocracy; it is an ungoverned and ungovernable plutocracy. The hope for American institutions is not in the maintenance of State sovereignties and a jealous dread of Federal sovereignty; it is in a Centralized Democracy, strong enough to give protection to lawful and honest wealth and to govern the wealth that is lawless and dishonest.

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# *Railway Rate Regulation*

## *What is Just and Equal*

The country is passing through a transition in railway administration, the full significance of which is not anywhere understood. We are passing from a condition in which the railways are treated as private property, and transportation as a commodity which the railway corporation may sell for the best price it can get, to one in which the railway is treated as a public highway, the railway corporation as a public servant

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who has special rights in and responsibilities for the operation of the highway, and freight as a toll which he charges for his service. In the first case he may charge whatever the traffic will bear. In the second case he may charge only a just and equal rate, and the Government is to determine, in case of dispute, what is a just and equal rate.

The Outlook believes that there are certain general principles which should be applied in determining what are just and equal rates; that, if possible, an agreement should be reached between the railway and the Government in determining what these principles are; and that they should be enacted by Congress into law and should govern the Inter-State Commerce Commission in its decision upon specific cases brought before it. We here state by way of illustration four of these general principles. Further discussion might lead us to modify some of these statements. We are not so much concerned to advocate particular principles as we are to make it clear that there are principles which can be and ought to be enacted into law and applied practically in determining what rates are just and equal.

I. The first is the principle already enunciated: Transportation is not a private property to be sold, but a public service to be rendered, and the public are finally to determine what shall be paid for such service. To this principle the public have come; from it they will not retreat; and it is recognized as a sound principle by an increasing number of able railway experts and officials.

II. The same rates should be paid for the same service. There should be no favored individuals and no favored localities. No railway should be allowed, under guise of real or supposed economies, to grant better terms for the same service to one shipper than to another shipper; or, under guise of building up traffic, to grant, for the same service, better terms to one community than to another community. The same charge should always be made for the same service, under the same conditions.

III. The service differs with the character of the goods transported. There is one fixed price for a two-horse team that crosses Brooklyn Bridge. The two horses may draw a victoria with one lady for passenger, or it may draw a ton of coal and two men on the driver's seat: the charge is the same. It is evident that this principle cannot be applied to railways. The public cannot demand that the railway shall carry a ton of furniture for the same price that it charges for a ton of coal. There must be a classification of freights. There is such a classification now. But the classification ought to be the same in all parts of the United States and on all railways; it ought to be determined by the Government, or determined by the railways subject to the approval of the Government; and it ought not to be subject to change except with the approval of the Government; and having been once fixed, it should be applied equally to all shippers and in all localities.

IV. There should be some established unit of wholesale. It is evident that a railway can afford to carry a car-load of furniture for less than double its charge for half a car-load; because the cost of packing and transshipping is not twice as great in the case of a car-load as of half a car-load; indeed, it may be less. Perhaps it can afford to take a train-load of ten cars for less than ten times its charge for one car-load. We are inclined, however, to the opinion that a car-load should be the unit of wholesale; that is, that no railway should be allowed to charge for ten cars less than ten times what it charges for one car. This would be of distinct advantage to the small shipper. And there is much to be said for the contention that public interest demands that the smaller shipper be favored; that, for example, the farmer who can ship one load of grain should have all the advantage that can be given to the middleman who ships by purchase hundreds of car-loads. At all events, some unit of wholesale should be adopted by law, and all railways required to conform to it.

V. No railway should be permitted to charge one locality more than another locality for the same service; therefore no railway should be permitted to charge more for a shorter haul between the

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same termini and over the same road than for a longer haul. It is now contended by the railways that this principle does not apply where the conditions differ. Thus, there is both railway and steamship communication between New York and Charleston. It is contended for the railways that steamship competition makes it necessary to charge an exceptionally low rate to Charleston, therefore the railway ought not to be required to carry goods to a point a hundred miles nearer New York for the Charleston rates. If the railway is private property, and transportation is an article of commerce which the owner of the railway may sell for whatever price he can get, there is much force in the contention of the railway. But if the railway is a public highway, and freight is a toll charged for service rendered, there is no force in that contention. Either the railway can afford or it cannot afford to carry a car-load of merchandise to Charleston at its announced rate. If it can, then it can afford to carry it for that rate a hundred miles shorter distance over the same road. If it cannot afford to carry it to Charleston at its announced rate, it is not just and equal for it to carry the freight to Charleston at less than it can afford, and recoup for the loss by charges to shippers at other points along the line.

We believe that the particular principles as here stated are sound, but whether they are sound or not, what we want to see is a conference of representatives of the railways who believe that transportation is a service and the freight a toll, with representatives of the Government, that is, of the people, for the purpose of reaching an agreement as to a few fundamental principles which can be enacted into law to govern the Inter-State Commerce Commission in its decisions respecting special rates in such special cases as may be brought before it. Such a conference for such a purpose might go far toward settling our perplexing railway problem, toward taking it out of politics, and toward reducing to a minimum the present state of uncertainty, perplexity, and often wholly needless hostility between the railways and the shipping and traveling public.

# *The Presence of God*

There is a phrase quoted by Mr. Shorthouse which has a strange and almost alien sound in our busy age—"The Practice of the Presence of God." Men and women of to-day are not less earnest or high-minded than their ancestors of three or four hundred years ago; but their interests and occupations have been multiplied many times. In what are sometimes called the religious ages the major interests of life were few; science, politics, political economy, social questions, education, literature, and travel, in their modern scope, were practically non-existent. The author of the Book of Job felt the fundamental mystery of life profoundly, not only because his imagination had great capacity and range, but because none of the diversions of modern life touched him. Face to face with nature, in the quietness of a nomadic life, he was continually in the presence of the mystery that enfolds us all.

In the Middle Age life in city and country was full of perplexity, but it was concentrated and essentially simple; the social order was not the concern of every man, however obscure and uneducated; occupations were fixed and limited; philosophy was the business of a little group of students; thinking was delegated to a small class of experts; the cathedral, towering over the town, was not only a noble symbol and a place of refuge from the sorrows of life, but it was also school, hospital, charity, library, social center. To-day concentration of thought and interest is the result of a powerful action of the will; five hundred years ago it was imposed by the conditions of life. Men and women to-day are not less thoughtful than their ancestors, but the objects of thought have been multiplied a hundredfold; they are not less devout than were their ancestors, but the emphasis of religion has been shifted from worship to service.

These changes have come about in the order of development; society has grown complex by the law of its growth; interests have multiplied by the opening of the world to thought and action on every side. To hold men responsible

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for not standing where their fathers stood and doing what their fathers did is to ignore the living energy inherent in the universe as the God of the fathers made it.

The earlier ages had their temptations which grew out of the conditions in which men found themselves, and our age is tempted by the very opportunities and duties that have come to it through its energy and power. It is in grave danger of putting the work of its hands in place of the life of its spirit, and of becoming so absorbed in the doing of things as to forget the ends for which things are done. To live continually under the pressure of a thousand interests, no matter how noble, is to cease living consciously in the presence of God. He is always present in all duties and works; whether we take account of him or ignore him, we are moment by moment in his hand and under his will. But we do not live in and with him unless we keep ourselves in his presence by continual thought of him. When Christ said, "The Father and I are one," he touched the source of his unique power and authority. God was not an abstract principle, an impersonal force, to the teacher who spake as man never spoke before and has never spoken since; he was a divine personality to whom one could speak and listen, with whom one could live in hourly intimacy. Christ practiced the presence of God.

We are always in God's presence, but that presence does not touch our souls, strengthen our wills, help us to overcome our faults, companion us in loneliness, and console us in sorrow, unless we open ourselves to its influence. The Father of our spirits is always ready to give them shelter and peace; it is not even necessary that we should go to him; he is nearer than our closest friend, more ready to help than those who are dearest to us. But he cannot force himself upon us; we must open the door to him. The secret of living with God lies in continually directing our thoughts to him; the practice of his presence is simply keeping consciously with him in all times and places. In this busiest of ages there are men and women who live with God in the rush and tumult as truly as the men of religious mind lived with him as, long ago, they watched their flocks in the stillness of the far Eastern night. These men and women, when the moment of freedom comes, have so trained their thoughts that they turn instinctively to Him in whom is the fullness of life. When the mind is disengaged, thought either wanders or goes by a familiar path to persons or things in which we are deeply interested; when one has learned how to practice the presence of God, there is a well-worn path between him and the Father, and along that path thought goes simply and joyfully home to Him in whose will is our peace.

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# *A Golden Book of Friendship*[1]

Mrs. Brookfield's "Cambridge 'Apostles'" ought to be issued in a special edition and sent to the unfortunates who live in the many chambers of the House of Mirth, in order that those benighted persons may get a glimpse of really good society and an idea of the pleasures of life where living is a matter of brains as well as of instincts and appetites. A more interesting and witty book has not come from the press for a long time. It is in no sense original; it is not particularly well written; its chapters have no special sequence; but it is a record of the talk and a study of the character of a large group of gifted people who enlivened their intercourse with one another with unfailing gayety of mood and unflagging humor. High spirits and abounding wit are generally found in the company of men of genius; and the madness theory of Nordau is set at naught by the sanity and love of fun of the "Apostles" who gave the University of Cambridge distinction between 1830 and 1840. Tennyson, it is true, had his moods; FitzGerald was shy to an abnormal degree; and Carlyle, who was the chosen friend of many of the "Apostles," had a habit of growling up the chimney and declaiming, with a won-

[1] *The Cambridge "Apostles."* By Frances M. Brookfield. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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derful mixture of humor and passion, against modern ways and men; but the moodiness of Tennyson, FitzGerald, and Carlyle was the sublimated soul of good sense compared with the banal eccentricities of conduct and taste of many so-called self-made men, who have fashioned themselves of gold, silver, hay, stubble, and such like material.

In the year 1820 a group of exceptionally promising undergraduates at St. John's College, Cambridge, eager for more nourishment for brain and heart, for a deeper and richer intellectual life than the University offered them, banded themselves together to pursue truth with the free foot of youth rather than the leaden foot of academic routine. They shared the rising tide of emotion and thought of their period, and they were determined to live boldly in the nineteenth century; the University lagging, as has often been the case, a century or two behind. They handicapped themselves at the start by adopting the awkward title of "Cambridge Conversazione Society;" but they were speedily relieved of this burden by the kindly badinage of their fellow-students, who dubbed them the "Apostles" in recognition of their zeal and enthusiasm. They accepted the more familiar title with modest assurance; added to their number the elect from other colleges; held meetings in one another's rooms every Saturday night; "sported the oak;" ate anchovies on toast; drank generous quantities of coffee; read essays and talked without limit on religion, philosophy, literature, art, politics, and all other matters of interest in heaven or on earth.

All this would have meant little if they had been average men; but they were perhaps as notable a group as ever were gathered at one time in a university: among them were Alfred and Charles Tennyson; Arthur Hallam; John Stirling, whose life Carlyle wrote with such tender and compassionate insight; Alford, who became Dean of Canterbury and a profound scholar; Spedding, the editor of Bacon; Merivale, the historian of the Cæsars; Maurice, one of the most influential of modern religious thinkers; Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War; Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity; Trench, the famous Archbishop of Dublin; Brookfield, a master of noble eloquence and delightful wit, and one of the best-beloved men of his time; Milnes, better known to this generation as Lord Houghton, whose breakfasts became famous by reason of the catholicity of the invitations, and of whom Carlyle said that he ought to be president of a society for the amalgamation of heaven and hell; and other men, like Buller and the Lushingtons, whose names are part of the literary history of the time. In later years equally illustrious names were written in the books of these "Apostles" of free thought and the joy of untrammeled talk.

These men were full of the gayety and abounding vitality of youth, and were untouched by that blasé spirit, that satiety with a world of which they know nothing, which led one of the great spirits of our time to say of a certain group of men in his own university that they were inaccessible alike to God and man! The "Apostles" were as free on all sides as men of genius must be; they were radiant with hope and enthusiasm, as normal youths always are; the air of greatness hung about them, a fine generosity ran through all their relations, and when they had become old and famous they held together with a manly loyalty which is in striking contrast to the shabby egotism and petty jealousy that are often supposed to blight the companionships of gifted people. Nearly all of them were celebrated in song, for they were all poets on occasion; and a golden rosary of their qualities might be made from the English poetry of their time. Of the many expressions of the love that held these friends together every reader of Tennyson will recall the poet's invitation to Maurice when the latter offended his ecclesiastical superiors by doing a little thinking for himself:

"For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight."

These ardent young explorers of the field of knowledge might have become

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oppressive if they had not been so generously endowed with humor. "The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it," said John Kemble, one of their profoundest philosophers. The most tremendous discussions were mitigated by wit, and when seriousness became portentous it was dispelled by an outburst of fun. At a breakfast-table around which sat Rogers, Spedding, Milnes, Thirlwall, Sydney Smith, and Gladstone, W. H. Brookfield reports that Sydney Smith said of a certain bishop: "He is so like Judas Iscariot that I now firmly believe in the Apostolical Succession." Brookfield and Thackeray were always together, and each evoked the humor of the other, peals of laughter invariably betraying their presence to other people. "In irresistible humor none of the Apostles rivaled Brookfield," said Venables; and Kinglake added: "I never heard him say a bitter thing." On one occasion, when Brookfield had failed to keep an appointment, he said: "I covered my shame with the fig-leaf of a humorous note, and am now once more a punctual man." Like Matthew Arnold, Brookfield was for a time an Inspector of Schools, and gave even that serious business a touch of fun. "A gentleman informed me," he writes, "that in anticipation of my visit to Morden the schoolmaster there had hanged himself;" adding, politely, "This shows the value of inspection." He reports some one saying, at a dinner at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, that Sydney Smith remarked on his death-bed: "Ah, Macaulay will be sorry, when I am gone, that he never heard my voice. He will wish sometimes he had let me edge in a word." When Brookfield went to St. Paul's as a "special preacher," he was told that the warming of the cathedral for special preachers had produced certain injuries to the roof. "Was it not dry rot?" he asked.

The deepest interest in Mrs. Brookfield's book springs from the warm-hearted friendship that bound together for life the men who laid the foundations of their fellowship in the generous aspirations of youth. In all literature there is no finer memorial of the love of man for man than "In Memoriam," which will remain the lasting monument of the companionship of the "Apostles." In 1832 Hallam wrote: "I am now at Somersby—not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister;" and with him were Spedding and Brookfield.

> "O Bliss, when all in circle drawn
> About him, heart and ear were fed
> To hear him, as he lay and read
> The Tuscan Poets on the lawn,"

and morning came upon them unawares after the intoxication of their talk, and they climbed the hills to meet the sunrise. Tennyson's occasional moods were sometimes challenged by his friends. Visiting Aubrey de Vere in Ireland, he began one evening to declaim against dancing. "How would the world get on," briskly answered his hostess, "if others went about growling at its amusements in a voice as deep as a lion's? I request that you will go upstairs, put on an evening coat, and ask my daughter Sophia to dance." When Tennyson caricatured a brilliant fellow-student at Cambridge in an early poem, and the victim was told that he was the study for "A Character," he said, "Oh, really, and *which* Tennyson did you say wrote it? The slovenly one?"

But these touches of acerbity or impatience are only passing shadows that bring out the massive lines of the Laureate's great nature. "It is a warm and glowing picture," writes Mrs. Brookfield, "the end of Tennyson's life. The splendid old bard, his Bible at his side, with his beautiful surroundings, fading into the sunset; his great achievements like banners around a cathedral, his noble poetry resounding his own Requiem. Did he not sing, when his first child died:

> "'Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!
> Infinite Ideality!
> Immeasurable Reality!
> Infinite Personality!
> Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!'"

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# JULIA WARD HOWE

## BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MANY years of what may be called intimacy with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe do not impair one's power of painting her as she is, and this for two reasons: first, because she does not care to be portrayed in any other way; and, secondly, because her freshness of temperament is so inexhaustible as to fix one's attention always on what she said or did this morning. After knowing her more than forty years, and having been fellow member or officer in half a dozen clubs with her, first and last, during that time, I now see in her, not merely the woman of to-day, but the woman who went through the education of wifehood and motherhood, of reformer and agitator, and in all these was educated by the experience of life. She lived to refute much early criticism or hasty judgment, and this partly from inward growth, partly because the society in which she moved was growing for itself and understood her better. The wife of a reformer is apt to be tested by the obstacles her husband encounters; if she is sympathetic she shares his difficulties, and if not, is perhaps criticised by the very same people for not sharing his zeal. Mrs. Howe, moreover, came to Boston at a time when all New Yorkers were there regarded with a slight distrust; she bore and reared five children, and doubtless, like all good mothers, had methods of her own; she went into company, and was criticised by cliques which did not applaud. Whatever she did, she might be in many eyes the object of prejudice. Beyond all, there was, I suspect, a slight uncertainty in her own mind that was reflected in her early poems.

From the moment when she came forward in the Woman Suffrage Movement, however, there was a visible change; it gave a new brightness to her face, a new cordiality in her manner, made her calmer, firmer; she found herself among new friends and could disregard old critics. Nothing can be more frank and characteristic than her own narrative of her first almost accidental participation in a woman's suffrage meeting. She had strayed into the hall, still not half convinced, and was rather reluctantly persuaded to take a seat on the platform, although some of her best friends were there—Garrison, Phillips, and James Freeman Clarke, her pastor. But there was also Lucy Stone, who had long been the object of imaginary disapproval; and yet Mrs. Howe, like every one else who heard Lucy Stone's sweet voice for the first time, was charmed and half won by it. I remember the same experience at a New York meeting in the case of Helen Hunt, who went to such a meeting on purpose to write a satirical letter about it for the New York Tribune, but said to me, as we came out together, "Do you suppose I could ever write a word against anything which that woman wishes to have done?" Such was the influence of that first meeting on Mrs. Howe. "When they requested me to speak," she says, "I could only say, I am with you. I have been with them ever since, and have never seen any reason to go back from the pledge then given." She adds that she had everything to learn with respect to public speaking, the rules of debate, and the management of her voice, she having hitherto spoken in parlors only. In the same way she was gradually led into the wider sphere of women's congresses, and at last into the presidency of the woman's department at the great World's Fair at New Orleans in the winter of 1883–4, at which she presided with great ability, organizing a series of short talks on the exhibits, to be given by experts. While in charge of this she held a special meeting in the colored people's department, where the "Battle Hymn" was sung, and she spoke to them of Garrison, Sumner, and Dr. Howe. Her daughter's collection of



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JULIA WARD HOWE

Drawn from life for The Outlook, December 20, 1906, by Kate Rogers Nowell

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books written by women was presented to the Ladies' Art Association of New Orleans, and her whole enterprise was a singular triumph. In dealing with public enterprises in all parts of the country she soon made herself welcome everywhere. And yet this was the very woman who had written in the "Salutatory" of her first volume of poems:

"I was born 'neath a clouded star,
More in shadow than light have grown;
Loving souls are not like trees
That strongest and stateliest shoot alone."

The truth is that the life of a reformer always affords some training; either giving it self-control or marring it altogether—more frequently the former; it was at any rate eminently so with her. It could be truly said, in her case, that to have taken up reform was a liberal education.

Added to this was the fact that as her children grew, one by one, they filled and educated one side of her life. One of her most attractive poems is that in which she describes herself as going out for exercise on a rainy day and walking round her house, looking up each time at the window where her children were watching with merry eagerness for the successive glimpses of her. This is the poem I mean:

THE HEART'S ASTRONOMY

This evening, as the twilight fell,
My younger children watched for me;
Like cherubs in the window framed,
I saw the smiling group of three.

While round and round the house I trudged,
Intent to walk a weary mile,
Oft as I passed within their range,
The little things would beck and smile.

They watched me, as Astronomers,
Whose business lies in heaven afar,
Await, beside the slanting glass,
The reappearance of a star.

Not so, not so, my pretty ones!
Seek stars in yonder cloudless sky,
But mark no steadfast path for me,—
A comet dire and strange am I.

. . . . . .

And ye, beloved ones, when ye know
What wild, erratic natures are,
Pray that the laws of heavenly force
Would hold and guide the Mother star.

I remember well that household of young people in successive summers at Newport, as they grew towards maturity; how they in turn came back from school and college, each with individual tastes and gifts, full of life, singing, dancing, reciting, poetizing, and one of them, at least, with a talent for cookery which delighted all Newport; then their wooings and marriages, always happy; their lives always busy; their temperaments so varied. These are the influences under which "wild erratic natures" grow calm.

A fine training it was also, for these children themselves, to see their mother one of the few who could unite all kinds of friendship in the same life. Having herself the entrée of whatever the fashion of Newport could in those days afford; entertaining brilliant or showy guests from New York, Washington, London, or Paris; her doors were equally open at the same time to the plainest or most modest reformer—abolitionist, woman suffragist, or Quaker; and this as a matter of course, without struggle. I remember the indignation over this of a young visitor from Italy, one of her own kindred, who was in early girlhood so independently un-American that she came to this country only through defiance. Her brother had said to her after one of her tirades, "Why do you not go there and see for yourself?" She responded, "So I will," and sailed the next week. Once arrived, she antagonized everything, and I went in one day and found her reclining in a great armchair, literally half buried in some forty volumes of Balzac which had just been given her as a birthday present. She was cutting the leaves of the least desirable volume, and exclaimed to me, "I take refuge in Balzac from the heartlessness of American society." Then she went on to denounce this society freely, but always excepted eagerly her hostess, who was "too good for it;" and only complained of her that she had at that moment in the house two young girls, daughters of an eminent reformer, who were utterly out of place, she said—knowing neither how to behave, how to dress, nor how to pronounce. Never in my life, I think, did I hear a denunciation more honorable to its object, especially when coming from such a source.

I have never encountered, at home or abroad, a group of people so cultivated and agreeable as existed for a few years in Newport in the summers. There were

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present, as intellectual and social forces, not merely the Howes, but such families as the Bancrofts, the Warings, the Partons, the Potters, the Woolseys, the Hunts, the Rogers, the Hartes, the Hollands, the Goodwins, Kate Field, and others besides, who were readily brought together for any intellectual enjoyment. No one was the recognized leader, though Mrs. Howe came nearest to it; but they met as cheery companions, nearly all of whom have passed away.

FROM REMINISCENCES, BY JULIA WARD HOWE. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

JULIA WARD AND HER BROTHERS SAMUEL AND HENRY

From a miniature by Anne Hall

One also saw at their houses some agreeable companions and foreign notabilities, as when Mr. Bancroft entertained the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, passing under an assumed name, but still attended by a veteran maid, who took occasion to remind everybody that her Majesty was a Bourbon, with no amusing result except that one good lady and experienced traveler bent one knee for an instant in her salutation. The nearest contact of this circle with the unequivocally fashionable world was perhaps when Mrs. William B. Astor, the mother of the present representative of that name in England, and herself a lover of all things intellectual, came among us.

It was in the midst of all this circle that the "Town and Country Club" was formed, of which Mrs. Howe was president and I had the humbler functions of vice-president, and it was under its auspices that the festival indicated in the following programme took place, at the always attractive seaside house of the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bigelow, of New York. It was modeled after the Harvard Commencement exercises, and its Latin programme, prepared by Professor Lane, then one of the highest classical authorities in New England, gave a list of speakers and subjects, the latter almost all drawn from Mrs. Howe's ready wit.

Q · B · F · F · F · Q · S
Feminae Inlustrissimae
Praestantissimae · Doctissimae · Peritissimae
Omnium · Scientarvum · Doctrici
Omnium · Bonarum · Artium · Magistrae
Dominae
IULIA · WARD · HOWE
Praesidi · Magnificentissimae

Viro · Honoratissimo
Duci · Fortissimo

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In · Litteris · Humanioribus · Optime · Versato
Domi · Militiaeque · Gloriam · Insignem · Nacto
Domino
Thomae · Wentworth · Higginsoni
Propraesidi · Vigilanti

Necnon · Omnibus · Sodalibus
Societatis · Urbanoruralis
Feminis · et · Viris · Ornatissimis

Aliisque · Omnibus · Ubicumque · Terrarum
Quibus · Hae · Litterae · Pervenerint
Salutem · In · Domino · Sempiternam

Quoniam · Feminis · Praenobilissimis
Dominae · Annae · Bigelow
Dominae · Mariae · Annae · Mott
Clementia · Doctrina · Humanitate · Semper · Insignibus
Societatem · Urbanoruralem
Ad · Sollemnia · Festive · Concelbranda
Invitare · Singulari · Benignitate · Placuit
Ergo
Per · Has · Litteras · Omnibus · Notum · Sit · Quod
Comitia · Sollemnia
In · Aedibus · Bigelovensibus
Novi Portus
Ante · Diem · VIIII Kalendas · Septembres
Anno · Salutis · CIↃ · IↃ · CCC · L XXXI
Hora Quinta Postmeridiana
Qua · par · est · dignitate · habebuntur

*Oratores hoc ordine dicturi sunt, praeter eos qui ualetudine uel alia causa impediti excusantur.*

I. Disquisitio Latina. "De Germanorum lingua et litteris." Carolus Timotheus Brooks.

II. Disquisitio Theologica. "How to sacrifice an Irish Bull to a Greek Goddess." Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

III. Dissertatio Rustica. "Social Small Potatoes; and how to enlarge their eyes." Georgius Edvardus Waring.

IV. Thesis Rhinosophica. "Our Noses, and What to do with them." Francisca Filix Parton, Iacobi Uxor.

V. Disquisitio Linguistica. "Hebrew Roots, with a plan of a new Grubbarium." Guilielmus Watson Goodwin.

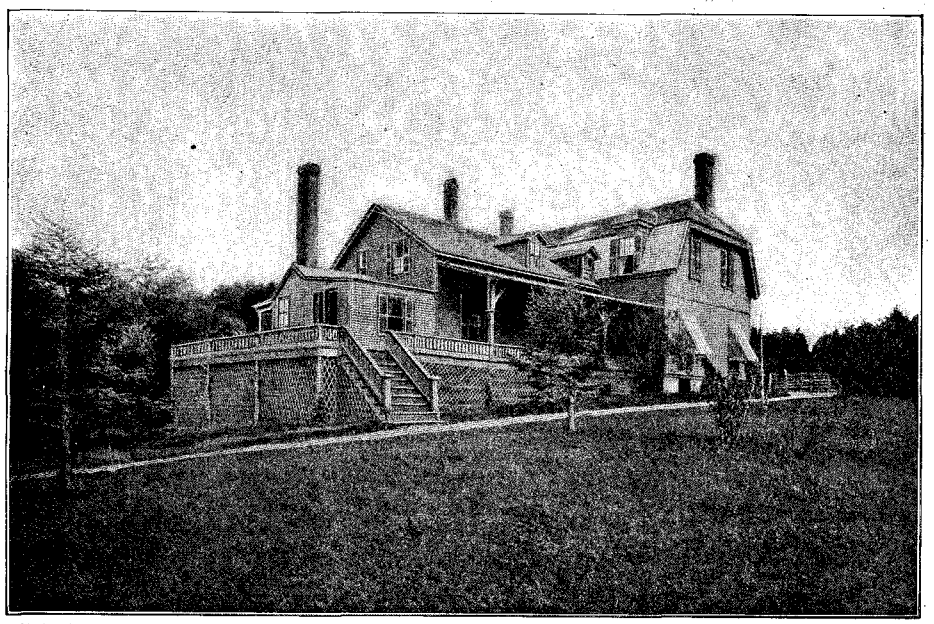
VI. Poema. "The Pacific Woman." Franciscus Bret Harte.

VII. Oratio Historica. "The Ideal New York Alderman." Iacobus Parton.

Exercitationibus litterariis ad finem perductis, gradus honorarii Praesidis auspiciis augustissimis rite conferentur.

Mercurii Typis

I remember how I myself distrusted this particular project, which was wholly hers. When she began to plan out the "parts" in advance—the Rev. Mr. Brooks, the foremost of German translators, with his Teutonic themes; the agricultural Waring with his potatoes; Harte on Pacific women; Parton with his New York aldermen, and I myself with two recent papers mingled in one—I ventured to remonstrate. "They will not write these Commencement orations," I said. "Then I will write them," responded Mrs. Howe, firmly. "They will not deliver them," I said. "Then I will deliver them," she replied; and so, in some cases, she practically did. She and I presided, dividing between us the two parts of Professor Goodwin's Oxford gown for our official adornment, to enforce the dignity of the occasion, and the *Societas Urbanoruralis*, or Town and Country Club, proved equal to the occa-



FROM REMINISCENCES, BY JULIA WARD HOWE. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

THE HOWE HOME AT NEWPORT
From a photograph by Briskham & Davidson

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sion. An essay on "rhinosophy" was given by "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. Parton), which was illustrated on the blackboard by this equation, written slowly by Mrs. Howe and read impressively:

Nose + nose + nose = proboscis
Nose − nose − nose = snub.

She also sang a song occasionally, and once called up a class for recitations from Mother Goose in six different languages; Professor Goodwin beginning with a Greek version of "The Man in the Moon" and another Harvard man (now Dr. Gorham Bacon) following up with

Heu! iter didilum
Felis cum fidulum
Vacca transiluit lunam
Caniculus ridet
Quum talem videt
Et dish ambulavit cum spoonam.

The question being asked by Mrs. Howe whether this last line was in strict accordance with grammar, the scholar gave the following rule: "The conditions of grammar should always give way to exigencies of rhyme." In conclusion, two young girls, Annie Bigelow and Mariana Mott, were called forward to receive graduate degrees for law and medicine; the former's announcement coming in this simple form: "Annie Bigelow, my little lamb, I welcome you to a long career at the ba-a."

That time is long past, but "The Hurdy-Gurdy," or any one of the later children's books by Mrs. Howe's daughter, Mrs. Laura Richards, will give a glimpse at the endless treasury of daring fun which the second generation of that family inherited from their mother in her prime; which last gift, indeed, has lasted pretty well to the present day. It was, we must remember, never absolutely out of taste; but it must be owned that she would fearlessly venture on half a dozen poor jokes for one good one. Such a risk she feared not to take at any moment, beyond any woman I ever knew. Nature gave her a perpetual youth, and what is youth if it be not fearless?

In her earlier Newport period she was always kind and hospitable, sometimes dreamy and forgetful, not always tactful. Bright things always came readily to her lips, and a second thought sometimes came too late to withhold a bit of sting. When she said to an artist who had at one time painted numerous portraits of one large and well-known family, "Mr. ——, given age and sex, could you create a Cabot?" it gave no cause for just complaint, because the family likeness was so pervasive that he would have grossly departed from nature had he left it out. But I speak rather of the perils of human intercourse, especially from a keen and ready hostess, where there is not time to see clearly how one's hearers may take a phrase. Thus when, in the deep valley of what was then her country seat, she was guiding her guests down, one by one, she suddenly stopped beside a rock or fountain and exclaimed —for she never premeditated things— "Now, let each of us tell a short story while we rest ourselves here!" The next to arrive was a German baron well known in Newport and Cambridge—a great authority in entomology, who always lamented that he had wasted his life by undertaking so large a theme as the diptera or two-winged insects, whereas the study of any one family of these, as the flies or mosquitoes, gave enough occupation for a man's whole existence—and he, prompt to obedience, told a lively little German anecdote. "Capital, capital!" said our hostess, clapping her hands merrily and looking at two ladies just descended on the scene. "Tell it again, Baron, for these ladies; *tell it in English*." It was accordingly done, but I judged from the ladies' faces that they would have much preferred to hear it in German, as others had done, even if they missed nine-tenths of the words. Very likely the speaker herself may have seen her error at the next moment, but in a busy life one must run many risks. I doubt not she sometimes lost favor with a strange guest, in those days, by the very quickness which gave her no time for second thought. Yet, after all, of what quickness of wit may not this be said? Time, practice, the habit of speaking in public meetings or presiding over them, these helped to array all her quick-wittedness on the side of tact and courtesy.

Mrs. Howe was one of the earliest

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contributors to the Atlantic Monthly. Her poem "Hamlet at the Boston" appeared in the second year of the magazine, in February, 1859, and her "Trip to Cuba" appeared in six successive numbers in that and the following volume. Her poem "The Last Bird" also appeared in one of these volumes, after which there was an interval of two and a half years during which her contributions were suspended. Several more of her poems came out in Volume VIII. (1861), and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in the number for February, 1862 (IX., 145). During the next two years there appeared six numbers of a striking series called "Lyrics of the Street." Most of these poems, with others, were included in a volume called "Later Lyrics" (1865). She had pre-

FROM REMINISCENCES, BY JULIA WARD HOWE. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

JULIA WARD HOWE WHEN THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" WAS WRITTEN

From a photograph by J. J. Hawes

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viously, however, in 1853, published her first volume of poems, entitled "Passion Flowers;" and these volumes were at a later period condensed into one by her daughters, with some omissions—not always quite felicitous, as I think—this definitive volume bearing the name "From Sunset Ridge" (1898).

Mrs. Howe, like her friend Dr. Holmes, has perhaps had the disappointing experience of concentrating her sure prospects of fame on a single poem. What the "Chambered Nautilus" represents in his published volumes, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" represents for her. In each case the poet was happy enough to secure, through influences impenetrable, one golden moment. Even this poem in Mrs. Howe's case was not (although many suppose otherwise) a song sung by all the soldiers. The resounding lyric of "John Brown's Body" reached them much more readily, but the "Battle Hymn" will doubtless survive all the rest of the rather disappointing metrical products of the war. For the rest of her poems, they are rarely quite enough concentrated; they reach our ears attractively but not with positive mastery. Of the war songs, the one entitled "Our Orders" was perhaps the finest—that which begins,

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the night."

"Hamlet at the Boston" is a strong and noble poem, as is "The Last Bird," which has a flavor of Bryant about it. "Eros has Warning" and "Eros Departs" are two of the profoundest; and so is the following, which I have always thought her most original and powerful poem after the "Battle Hymn," in so far that I ventured to supply a feebler supplement to it on her last birthday.

It is to be remembered that in the game of "Rouge et Noir" the announcement by the dealer, "Rouge gagne," implies that the red wins, while the phrase "Donner de la couleur" means simply to follow suit and accept what comes.

ROUGE GAGNE

The wheel is turned, the cards are laid;
The circle's drawn, the bets are paid:
I stake my gold upon the red.

The rubies of the bosom mine,
The river of life, so swift divine,
In red all radiantly shine.

Upon the cards, like gouts of blood,
Lie dinted hearts, and diamonds good,
The red for faith and hardihood.

In red the sacred blushes start
On errand from a virgin heart,
To win its glorious counterpart.

The rose that makes the summer fair,
The velvet robe that sovereigns wear,
The red revealment could not spare.

And men who conquer deadly odds
By fields of ice and raging floods,
Take the red passion from the gods.

Now Love is red, and Wisdom pale,
But human hearts are faint and frail
Till Love meets Love, and bids it hail.

I see the chasm, yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead:
I stake my life upon the red.

This was my daring supplement, which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly (Contributors' Club) for October, 1906:

LA COULEUR

"I stake my life upon the red!"
With hair still golden on her head,
Dame Julia of the Valley said.

But Time for her has plans not told,
And while her patient years unfold
They yield the white and not the gold.

Where Alpine summits loftiest lie,
The brown, the green, the red pass by,
And whitest top is next the sky.

And now with meeker garb bedight,
Dame Julia sings in loftier light,
"I stake my life upon the white!"

Turning to Mrs. Howe's prose works, one finds something of the same obstruction, here and there, from excess of material. Her autobiography entitled "Reminiscences" might easily, in the hands of Mr. M. D. Conway, for instance, have been spread out into three or four interesting octavos; but in her more hurried grasp it is squeezed into one volume, where groups of delightful interviews with heroes at home and abroad are crowded into some single sentence. Her lectures are better arranged and less tantalizing, and it would be hard to find a book in American literature better worth reprinting and distributing than the little volume containing her two addresses on "Modern Society."

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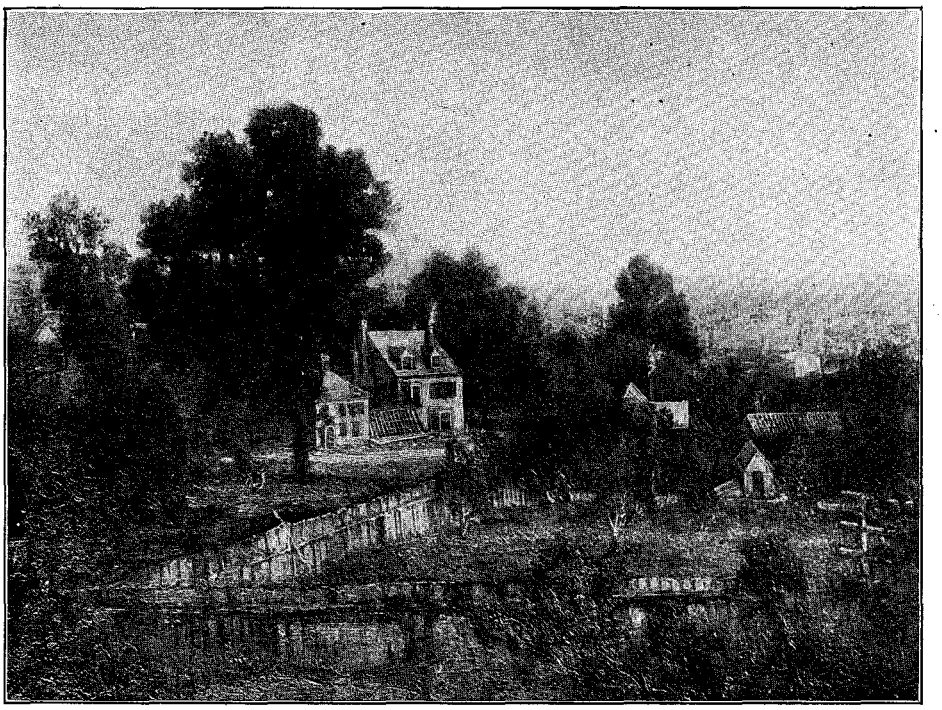
In wit, in wisdom, in anecdote, I know few books so racy. Next to it is the lecture "Is Polite Society Polite?" so keen and pungent that it is said a young man was once heard inquiring for Mrs. Howe after hearing it, in a country town, and when asked why he wished to see her, replied, "Well, I did put my brother in the poorhouse, and now that I have heard Mrs. Howe, I suppose that I must take him out." In the large collection of essays comprised in the same volume with this, there are papers on Paris and on Greece which are full of the finest flavor of anecdote, sympathy, and memory, while here and there in all her books one meets with glimpses of Italy which remind one of that scene on the celebration of the birthday of Columbus, when she sat upon the platform of Faneuil Hall, the only woman, and gave forth sympathetic talk in her gracious way to the loving Italian audience, which gladly listened to their own sweet tongue from her. Then, as always, she could trust herself freely in speech, for she never spoke without fresh adaptation to the occasion, and her fortunate memory for words and names is unimpaired at eighty-six.

Since I am here engaged upon a mere sketch of Mrs. Howe, not a formal memoir, I have felt free to postpone until this time the details of her birth and parentage. She was the daughter of Samuel and Julia Rush (Cutler) Ward, and was born at the house of her parents in the Bowling Green, New York City, on May 27, 1819. She was married on April 14, 1843, at nearly twenty-four years of age, to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whom she had met on visits to Boston. They soon visited Europe—the first of six visits—where her eldest daughter, Julia Romana, was born during the next spring. This daughter was the author of a volume of poems entitled "Stray Clouds" and of a description of the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord entitled "Philosophiæ Quæstor," and was the founder of a metaphysical club of which she was president. She became the wife of the late Michael Anagnos, of Greek origin, her father's suc-



FROM REMINISCENCES, BY JULIA WARD HOWE. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

THE HOWE HOME IN SOUTH BOSTON

From a painting in the possession of M. Anagnos

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Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

January 9th 1907. Julia Ward Howe.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
Written for The Outlook by Mrs. Howe, January, 1907

cessor in charge of the Institution for the Blind, and her early death was received with general sorrow. Mrs. Howe's second daughter was named Florence Marion, became in 1871 the wife of David Prescott Hall, of the New York bar, and was author of "Social Customs" and "The Correct Thing," being also a frequent speaker before the women's clubs. Mrs. Howe's third daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, was married in the same year to Henry Richards, of Gardiner, Maine, a town named for the family of Mr. Richards's mother, who established there a once famous school, the Gardiner Lyceum. The younger Mrs. Richards is author of "Captain January" and other stories of very wide circulation, written primarily for her own children and culminating in a set of nonsense books of irresistible humor illustrated by herself. Mrs. Howe's youngest daughter, Maud, distinguished for her beauty and social attractiveness, is the wife of Mr. John Elliott, an English artist, and has lived much in Italy, where she has written various books of art and literature, of which "Atalanta in the South" was the first and "Roma Beata" one of the last. Mrs. Howe's only son, Henry Marion, graduated at Harvard University in 1869 and from the Massachusetts

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Institute of Technology in 1871, is a mining engineer and expert, and is a professor in the School of Mines at Columbia University. His book on "The Metallurgy of Steel" has won for him a high reputation. It will thus be seen that Mrs. Howe has had the rare and perhaps unequaled experience of not merely being herself an author, but the mother of five children, all authors. She has many grandchildren, and now a great-grandchild, whose future career can hardly be surmised.

There was held in honor of Mrs. Howe's eighty-sixth birthday (May 27, 1905) a meeting of the Boston Authors' Club, including a little festival whose plan was taken from the annual Welsh festival of the Eistedfodd, at which every bard of that nation brought four lines of verse—a sort of four-leaved clover—to his chief. This being tried at short notice for Mrs. Howe, there came in some sixty poems, of which I select a few, almost at random, to make up the outcome of the festival, which last did not perhaps suffer from the extreme shortness of the notice:

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS, LIMITED

Why limit to one little four-line verse
Each birthday wish, for her we meet to honor?
Else it might take till mornrise to rehearse
All the glad homage we would lavish on her!
*John Townsend Trowbridge.*

THE "NONNA" OF MAGNA ITALIA

Within the glow shed by her heart of gold,
Warm Southern sunshine cheers our Northern skies,
And pilgrim wanderers, homesick and a-cold,
Find their loved Italy in her welcoming eyes.
*Vida D. Scudder.*

FIVE O'CLOCK WITH THE IMMORTALS

The Sisters Three who spin our fate
Greet Julia Ward, who comes quite late;
How Greek wit flies! They scream with glee,
Drop thread and shears, and make the tea.
*E. H. Clement.*

Hope now abiding, faith long ago,
Never a shadow between.
White of the lilacs and white of the snow,
Seventy and sixteen.
*Mary Gray Morrison.*

In English, French, Italian, German, Greek,
Our many-gifted President can speak.
Wit, Wisdom, world-wide Knowledge grace her tongue
And she is *only* Eighty-six years young!
*Nathan Haskell Dole.*

How to be gracious? How to be true?
Poet, and Seer, and Woman too?
To crown with Spring the Winter's brow?
Here is the answer: *this* is Howe.
*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

If man could change the universe
By force of epigrams in verse,
He'd smash some idols, I allow,
But who would alter Mrs. Howe?
*Robert Grant.*

Lady who lovest and who livest Peace,
And yet didst write Earth's noblest battle song
At Freedom's bidding,—may thy fame increase
Till dawns the warless age for which we long!
*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Dot oldt Fader Time must be cutting some dricks,
Vhen he calls our goot Bresident's age eighty-six.
An octogeranium! Who would suppose?
My dear Mrs. Julia Ward Howe der time goes!
*Yawcob Strauss (Charles Follen Adams).*

You, who are of the spring,
To whom Youth's joys *must* cling,
May all that Love can give
Beguile you long to live—
Our Queen of Hearts.
*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

H ere, on this joyous day of days,
O deign to list my skill-less praise.
W hate'er be said with tongue or pen
E xtolling thee, I cry "Amen."
*Beulah Marie Dix.*

Mrs. Howe was not apprised of the project in advance, and certainly had not seen the verses; but was, at any rate, ready as usual, and this sketch may well close with her cheery answer:

MRS. HOWE'S REPLY

Why, bless you, I ain't nothing, nor nobody, nor much,
If you look in your Directory you'll find a thousand such,
I walk upon the level ground, I breathe upon the air,
I study at a table and reflect upon a chair.

I know a casual mixture of the Latin and the Greek,
I know the Frenchman's *parlez-vous*, and how the Germans speak;
Well can I add, and well subtract, and say twice two is four,
But of those direful sums and proofs remember nothing more.

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I wrote a poetry book one time, and then I wrote a play,
And a friend who went to see it said she fainted right away.
Then I got up high to speculate upon the Universe,
And folks who heard me found themselves no better and no worse.

Yes, I've had a lot of birthdays and I'm growing very old,
That's why they make so much of me, if once the truth were told.
And I love the shade in summer, and in winter love the sun,
And I'm just learning how to live, my wisdom's just begun.

Don't trouble more to celebrate this natal day of mine,
But keep the grasp of fellowship which warms us more than wine.
Let us thank the lavish hand that gives world beauty to our eyes,
And bless the days that saw us young, and years that make us wise.

# A PICTURE

BY HELEN FIELD FISCHER

Gray skies, gray streets, and dreariness,
A tired woman and a fretful child;

A crimson leaf whirled by a vagrant breeze,
A breath of something fresh and sweet and wild!

A woman smiling through her weariness,
A little child with happy laughing eyes:

How close is heaven when a crimson leaf
Can open thus the gates of paradise!

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# A SOUTH AMERICAN METROPOLIS

## BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in South America

A BIG Pacific liner is bound through the straits for Valparaiso. At evening, waiting in the quiet bay to finish discharging the Rio cargo, the scene on the wide decks has the distinctive social charm of ocean life found on scores of such ships as they course the tropical seas. Men and women, youths and maidens, lounge about the decks in the calm warm air, all in evening dress. A small band, led by a pale-faced hunchback, a poetic sensitiveness in his clean-cut profile, is playing, and there is dancing. The piano is kept always on deck, housed in a water-proof box; there is another piano in the music-room, another in the second cabin. Forward four gentlemen—one an old boy with a monocle—are playing bridge about a table in the open air. These ships are the ocean equivalents of express trains—"trains de luxe," if we can fancy them immensely expanded and combined with huge freight trains. They stop at various great stations along the way in France, Spain, Portugal, Brazil—dropping and taking on passengers and cargo. Such are the ties that bind Europe and South America; dozens of



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such steamers, big and luxurious, heavy with freight, crowded with passengers, ever coming, going; numerous lines, British, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Austrian. And to and from the United States only two small passenger-boats worthy of the name! Is it to be wondered that South America knows so little about us, and cares less?

It is almost dawn when the donkey-engines stop their clatter and the ship's silent gliding seaward wakens me. From my window I watch the farewell procession of the lights of Rio passing in splendid retreat under the familiar mountain profile, mysterious in luminous shadow under the perfect moonlight.

The last of moonlight, the last of ideal tropical voyaging for this trip! A day of boisterous weather, then the next morning we are at Santos, winding up the narrow, river-like harbor with pictorial shores rising into rugged mountains. The greatest of coffee ports! More than half of the world's coffee supply is shipped from here. The building of the port works, the "docas de Santos," has converted Santos from a fever-ridden hole into a healthy city. That alone was worth the cost. But it seems strange that the progressive, enlightened state of São Paulo should have practically given the concession away and not have profited thereby itself. It was a comparatively easy thing to build a long sea-wall, fill in behind with suction-dredging from the harbor, and then build a line of warehouses and railway connections. The company is practically owned by two men, who get a revenue, it is said, of several hundred thousand dollars a month from the double charges for wharfage and warehouse. There are no wharves or piers; the vessels lie along this quay for a mile or so, often two abreast. Eighteen ocean steamers were in port that morning, and we met a big North German Lloyd boat just going out. And all nothing but coffee!

"That is all there is to Brazil," says some one. Well, there are also rubber, and sugar, and a few other things. But still coffee is the main product. It seems strange that so vast a country should find its chief dependence in the production of a beverage, and that mainly in one State. But other staples will increase their proportions. A concession for great port works at Rio Grande do Sul has just been arranged for. That will make possible the production and export of grain, cattle, hides, etc., on a great scale; will induce extensive immigration; will make a second Uruguay of that part of Brazil.

The second day out from Santos we skirt the mountainous coast of Paraná, the Serras do Mar, grand and noble contoured, extending up and away inland, range piled upon range to dim distances, an average height of 1,500 meters—something over 5,000 feet. When we think of tropical Brazil, we usually overlook the fact that perhaps half the country is turbulent with mountains, raised in high tablelands where the climate is temperate, even cool for much of the year, well adapted to habitation by the white race.

Raw, wet weather and fog! Then we awake quietly at anchor. The ship is quiet, not the sea. A *temporal* blows in heavily from the south—wet, raw, bone-chilling. The yellow water, thick like pea-soup, washes past in big rollers with creamy crests. Occasionally the mist shoreward lifts and reveals the Cerro of Montevideo, the great landmark at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, a flattened cone like a big ant-hill, fortress-crowned. We also see the large city, spreading wide; monumental buildings and church towers in evidence. In this sea the health officer, the port doctor, dares not venture out; we are three miles from land, and the big steamer can get no nearer. We wait impatiently and shiver. Another night on board. In the morning it blows worse than ever. Along in the afternoon there is a lull; the sun appears; a little steamer with a yellow flag labors out towards us; at last the doctor clambers on board, pallid and seasick.

So we get to land, finding blessed relief as we suddenly pass behind the breakwater into the calm water of the harbor. Here lie many ocean steamers of lesser draft than ours, and the shores are crowded with boats, fishermen, and coasting craft. Extensive port works are

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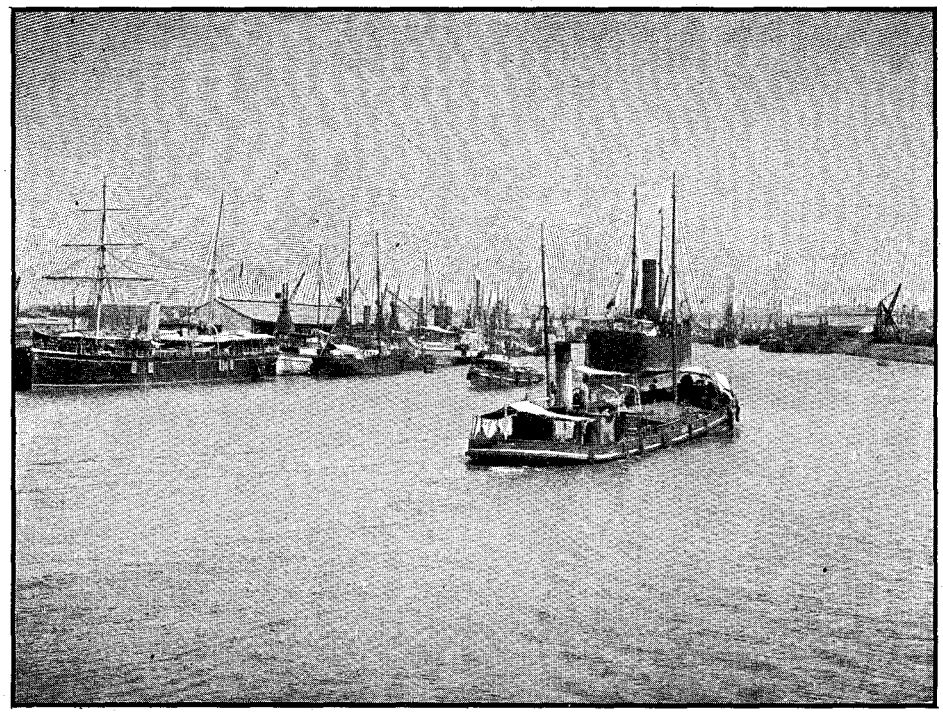
under construction by a French company, and the harbor is to be dredged deep enough for the biggest liners. But now all foreign cargo has to be lightered ashore.

Montevideo is a large, important-looking city, growing steadily, and now well past the quarter of a million mark—a city of the Cincinnati or New Orleans rank, or comparing with its big neighbor up the river much as Baltimore compares with New York. It is pleasant to stroll through its cleanly streets and well-groomed public gardens, bright with the springtime bloom of mid-September. A thoroughly Spanish-looking city, where antiquity and modernity touch hands, is Montevideo. The Brazilian cities are Iberian, but not of the Spanish type one knows from Mexico; Havana, however, is closely akin to Rio in general plan and architectural quality. At Montevideo swarms of mule-cars—sisters in shabbiness to New York's cross-town lines—straggle through the streets, their sides covered with disreputable-looking patchworks of advertising. But they are now electrifying the lines, and the trolley-cars are only two months away.

Montevideo is a city certain of a fine future—the live capital of a curious little country full of strange contradictions. But now it is near sundown, and we must take the night boat for Buenos Aires—a river boat, and the river spreads like Lake Erie! Fancy going out in a rowboat to take one of the Fall River steamers! The Venus is a large paddle-wheel craft without guards, Glasgow-built. She seems a cross between an English Channel steamer and one of the big passenger-boats of the Rhine. Beside her lies anchored, also sparkling with lights, another large river steamer ready to start for Concepcion in Paraguay, a thousand miles up the great streams La Plata, Paraná, and Paraguay.



THE DOCKS OF BUENOS AIRES

On the two smokestacks of both these steamers stands the letter "M"—an initial to be seen in a corresponding place on four hundred or more other river boats in these waters. It tells of the opportunity that often awaits enterprise in this part of the world. It means that all this enormous fleet—passenger

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boats, cargo-boats, tugs, barges—is owned by one man, Nicolas Mihanowich, a millionaire many times over, one of the magnates of Buenos Aires. Mihanowich is a Hungarian Slav. He came penniless from Buda-Pesth many years ago, and started his New World career as an ignorant boatman, rowing people ashore from the ocean and river steamers. Thrift and opportunity did the rest. Somehow he contrived to succeed where others, big navigation companies even, had failed. Now he practically monopolizes the entire trade of the Rio de la Plata and all its affluents—the Uruguay, Paraná, Paraguay, and dozens of their tributaries, far up into Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, Bolivia.

The trip from Montevideo to Buenos Aires is 120 miles up the river, as from Boston to Portland, but out of sight of land on fresh water. The practice is that of an ocean steamer, the passage-money including meals and stateroom. But, if traveling alone, one is liable to have a stranger roommate thrust upon him—possibly an undesirable one. An excellent course dinner is served in good style, including two sorts of wine, Chianti and a red wine from Uruguay.

Our respite of bright weather is short. The *temporal* sets in again worse than ever. The wind blows abeam with a choppy sea; our craft rocks with short, vicious rolls; before dinner is half over there is a continual crashing of crockery from the rackless tables, and much spilling of good wine. The rain drives in sheets; the decks are sloppy; sleep is scanty.

At daylight the storm is over. Land is not yet to be seen. But the shoreless river is populous with all sorts of craft, both steam and sail, down to queer little square-riggers, bluff-bowed, bobbing down stream, and looking as if they might have stepped out of the eighteenth century in Massachusetts Bay. A line of big steam-dredges ever at work marks out the path of the mighty commerce that makes for Buenos Aires and beyond.

At last we sight the wide, low line of the great city before us—grain elevators, factory chimneys, warehouses; it might easily seem Chicago were it not for the absence of sky-scrapers. We aim for a gap in a long sea-wall, and are soon picking our way along a stream that suggests the Chicago River—crowded with shipping of all sorts. It is the Riachuelo, or Rio Matanzas, recently dredged and canalized far up into the city and connected with one end of the magnificent series of dock basins—one of the many wonderful transformations that have come over this big metropolis in the past few years. It was not long ago when all the ocean liners had to lie many miles from shore far down the river, putting their passengers off in rowboats whence they had to complete their landing in carts backed into the water. Now the new dock system, although calculated to serve the needs of the next half-century, has already reached its capacity in five years, and enormous extensions have been determined upon. The docks here are real docks, great basins like those at Liverpool and London.

On shore and driving into the town—the first impression is of the tremendous extension of the place. One drives on and on and on, through long streets, straight and narrow, of interminable perspective. In many respects it seems a repetition of Mexico; the same rectangular lay-out, the same narrow thoroughfares, narrow sidewalks. But it is a Mexico sobered and subdued, without its color, its warm sunshine, its splendid churches. But also without its squalor, its ragged "pelaos," its wretched substratum of miserable *indigines*, drunken, pulque-soaked. There is a suggestion of Philadelphia—much the same city plan, in the old part the same narrow streets, the street-car lines going one way in one street and returning in the next. Take Philadelphia, soak the Quakerism out of it and then saturate it in Spanish-Colonial, replacing red brick with the gray and the buff of universal stucco, garnish it liberally with a Parisian Renaissance of the latest mode, and you have a suggestion of Buenos Aires. But thereto must come a most liberal provision of public grounds, and beyond the old town on all sides most admirable extensions of wide avenues and boulevards, providing liberally for future growth. It is a city of vast

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AVENIDA DE MAYO

THE CATHEDRAL



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expansion, spreading in every direction over the pampas, the level plains—a city, almost everywhere outside of the center, built of one-story, flat-roofed houses, ample in plan.

The newcomer is immediately struck by two things—the large, strong, sleek horses, plump from their diet of green alfalfa all the year round; the vigorous-looking, well-fed, well-dressed population, active in movement and with a certain alert air that one instinctively notes as "American." Indeed, it seems surprising that almost everybody should be talking Spanish. But it is not "American" of our sort after all, though cognate. In the alembic of the New World's southern hemisphere the fusion of human races is producing new blends, resulting in types distinctively "Argentino," as with us they are distinctively American. One of these types, for instance, gives us young men stalwart-framed, placid-faced, a calm-eyed ruminant look that suggests kinship with the great herds of the "camp"—a gaze wonted to vast expanses of earth and sky or to wide-spread city levels. Great reserves of energetic life, possibilities of illimitable prosperity, are what strikes the observer in a land that is only just beginning to realize the potentialities of inexhaustible riches. The results of the twenty-five per cent. or so of Italian blood in its population are evident on every hand. It is first-class Italian stock for the most part—the shapely North Italian peoples rather than the "sawed-off" little folk from the South. Hence, because of this and other felicitous blends, the Argentinos—men, women, youths, and children—are altogether the handsomest people I have ever seen, with perhaps the single exception of their cousins, the Uruguayans, where the blend appears to have been somewhat different in its Creole elements.

The famous central avenue cut through the midst of the old town in 1893, the Avenida de Mayo, seems an exact reproduction of one of the great Parisian boulevards in all its gayety and animation—architecture, cafés with their little tables on the wide sidewalks, kiosks, public conveniences, and incessant street traffic. Indeed, the constant movement of carriages and automobiles here quite surpasses that of Fifth Avenue.

This Avenida de Mayo, however, is phenomenal as a thoroughfare only by virtue of its central location. In scale it is not only matched, but frequently surpassed, by numerous other avenues, promenades, and boulevards so liberally provided for in the newer sections. Many of these have central garden-spaces astonishingly prodigal in their effect of elegant elaboration. The Avenida de Mayo is distinctive, however, in its relation to an admirable civic grouping of monumental buildings—at one end the handsome Plaza de Mayo, where, beside the cathedral and other monumental buildings, national, municipal, and mercantile, the Government House (executive departments) overlooks the water-front, with a wide fringe of embellished promenades and the docks and warehouses beyond; at the other end of the avenue the new Legislative Palace under construction, its dome on the axis of the thoroughfare. The tree-planting of the Avenida and all the streets is done by the city, according to a comprehensive system, as in Paris—the trees set close and kept trimmed low, giving shade but not obscuring the architecture.

The climate is semi-tropical, much like southern Georgia or southern California—long, hot summers, winters when the temperature occasionally falls below the frost point, though not far enough to blight the roses that persistently bloom. But how cold a semi-tropical winter can feel! The incautious stranger takes it for granted that well along in September he will find the ethereal mildness of his own northern spring at its best. The latitude, about 35° S., seems to vouch for that. But now he wonders that the palms do not wear mittens! He concludes that tropical vegetation must be of insensitive temperament, it all looks so nonchalant, so smilingly verdurous, so happily indifferent to the shivering atmosphere. The hardier vegetation, imported from rigorous climates, knows better; it appreciates what cold is. The plane-trees on the Avenida know that spring is at hand. Inherited experiences have taught them. So here and there they cautiously thrust out little

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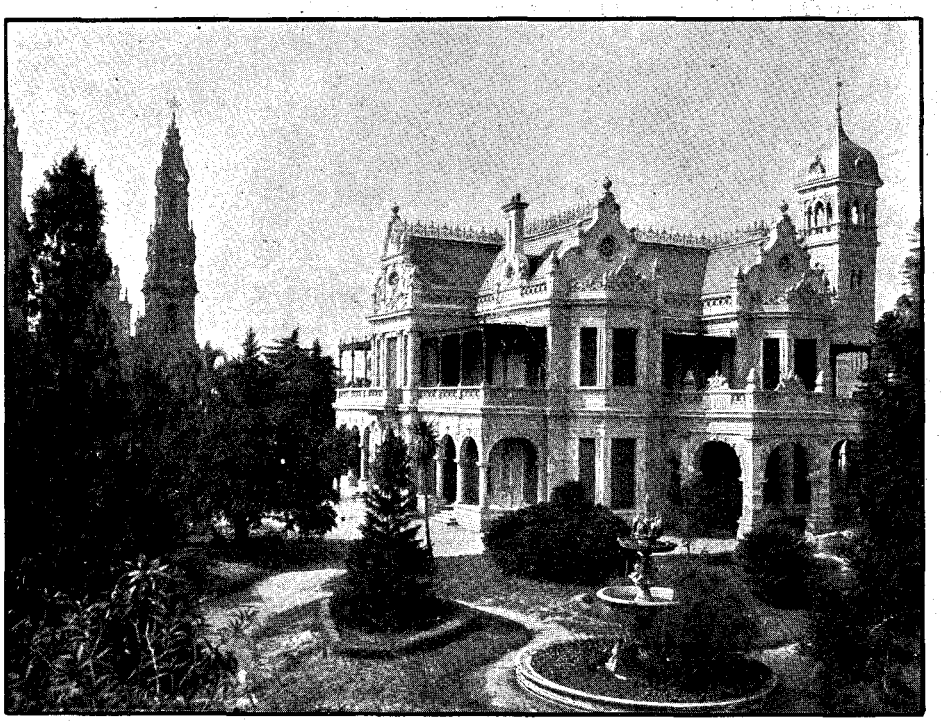
pale-green leaves, like timorous finger-tips to test the feel of the air. Curious how the palm-trees trust it and the plane-trees refuse to confide!

The south wind hangs on; it blows gently enough now, but with a chilling torpor, an unfriendly caress as of invisible cold hands that, as they stroke us, convey all the heat from our shivering bodies. Thus it is the while the south wind blows. South America tapers down into the seas of the high latitudes; hence the Argentina climate is more insular than continental, and the south wind brings its humid breath from the ice-floes beyond Cape Horn. The sun shines deceptively: it lures the plane-tree leaflets out—the few that volunteer for picket duty. But it is heatless sunshine, almost as cool as moonlight. Nevertheless the traditions of warmer ancestral lands bred in the Argentinos the habit of chimney-less houses. It is almost hopeless to attempt to find warmth, indoors or out, in the cold weather, anywhere except in bed, with a hot-water bottle at one's feet. And the same traditions lead them to draw the blinds to keep out this chilled sunshine, to lower the awnings over the café sidewalk-tables where one would expect to find the multitude trying to bask, like sensible cats and dogs. The dwellings and the hotels are built with inner courts, or patios, as in Mexico. Sleeping-rooms open on these, rooms where sunlight never enters, daylight hardly. They are chill and sepulchral.

This is the greatest drawback to enlightened progress in this otherwise most progressive metropolis. The great sanitary improvements carried out in the past decade, with perfect systems of sewerage and water supply, have made Buenos Aires the second healthiest great city in the world, ranking next after Berlin. These improvements have reduced the death-rate more than one-half. But it is no wonder that tuberculosis is still prevalent; that it is the worst, most deadly, of all diseases. The population, almost universally, continues to sleep in these tomb-like chambers, close-sealed from the outside air. Moreover, the lower classes huddle themselves many in a room. Only the circumstance that by daylight their family life passes



A SUBURBAN QUINTA OR VILLA

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IN A BUENOS AIRES PARK

so largely outdoors, where the poor people cook and eat, as a rule, even in the winter, prevents tuberculosis from being a frightful scourge. Fortunately, as in Italy and Spain, the population seems to be comparatively insensitive to winter cold.

As to water supply and sewerage, it should be mentioned that the national government is keenly alive to their importance. Although Argentina began as the most loosely tied of South American States—the United Provinces of La Plata—it is now the most highly centralized and correspondingly the most efficient. The national government, therefore, looks out for municipal sanitation itself. Having provided its capital with the best possible sewerage and water supply, it is now doing the same for all the other leading cities.

In this connection it should be mentioned that Buenos Aires streets are kept scrupulously clean. Of our great cities, Washington is the only one that can compare with it; no other can remotely approach it in this respect; and Buenos Aires is a commercial metropolis with an exceptional street traffic.

The policing, too, is admirable. It is the old Spanish system, as in Mexico—an officer stationed at every street corner; at night his lantern at the intersecting point indicates that he is close by—and never in a neighboring barroom! The policemen look business-like—always neatly uniformed and trim. They seem to be recruited from one class, so uniform is the type—a blend of Indian with the south Spaniard, hardened by the vigorous life of the *campo*. They are muscular and stocky—about five feet high almost invariably—never approaching the burly corpulence of our typical American patrolmen, never moving with the sauntering, lagging gait of the "cop." Their step is alert, their air vigilant, never insolent. They wear helmets of the German police pattern.

The Argentino military air is also strongly German, naturally, for German army officers are the instructors—notable in the efficient-looking rank and file, the neatly uniformed, well-set-up officers—all of German carriage, the horn-like up-twisted mustache of Kaiser Wilhelm's lately abandoned style universally imitated. In army aspects the observer is



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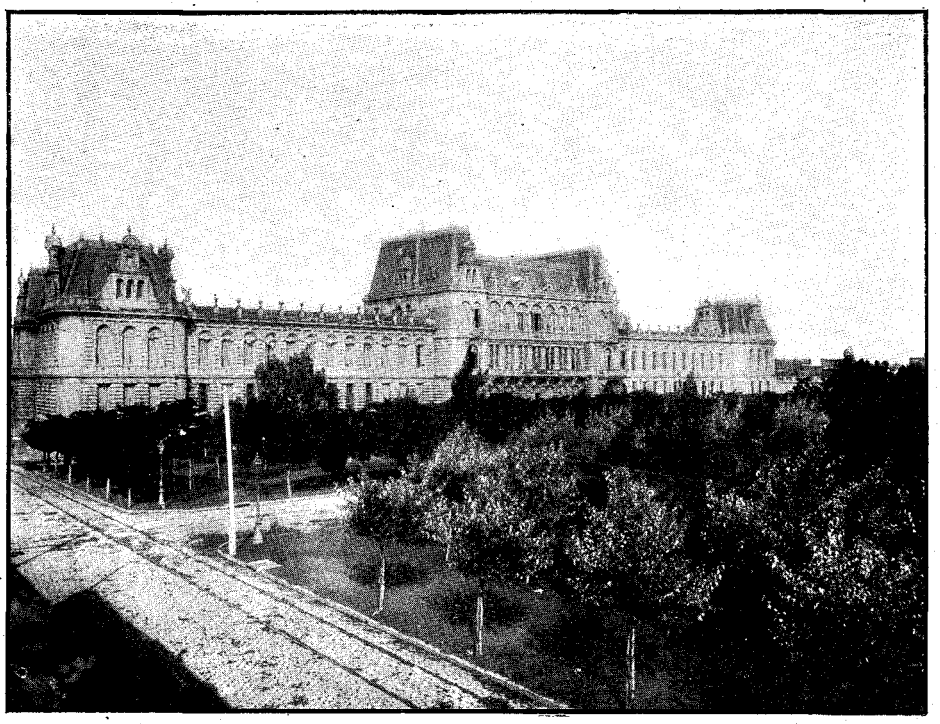
likely to note many things in which the comparison favors Argentina as against Brazil, where French traditions—perhaps obtaining through Portugal—are followed in the showy but more tinsel-like uniforming.

One notes in Buenos Aires a general aspect of public order. Intoxication is almost never seen in public; whenever it is, I am told, the person is pretty certain to be a foreigner of a race in which the vice is common. American and English residents with whom I have talked all agree that, whatever the faults of the Argentino, drunkenness is not among them; that even an approach to intoxication is regarded as a social disgrace well-nigh unpardonable. Yet the drinking of light wines at meals is universal. Aside from wine—and maté, Paraguay tea, among the common people—milk is said to be the favorite beverage.

The south wind subsides; soft airs set in from the north; everything outdoors takes on an aspect so friendly that the visitor revises his harsh judgment of the climate. For the better part of the year this is a warm country, after all, and correspondingly agreeable. But the average Northerner, wonted to domestic comfort, would do well to make his visit to Argentina between September 25 and May 1. The palms are in keeping now. There are palm-trees, palmettos, oranges—a rich flora that suggests southern California. The luxuriance of vegetation in the beautiful public grounds otherwise suggests that of Washington under similar conditions. But how the springtime flora, which at home blossoms in a fixed order, a procession with stated precedences, leaps into bloom in joyous simultaneity! A few days ago dandelions were spangling the grass under the palms. Forsythia and the daffodils are also past. Now we have about everything else that is scheduled for springtime flowering all at once. The white spirea, the bridal-wreath kind, is everywhere in garden and field—hedges of it with spray-like flowers, a national adoption, like the privet and the English barberry in eastern Massachusetts. Amidst this a blaze of the pyrus japonica, the Japanese quince, offers an ardent contrast; daisies and pansies galore; long borders of delicate white iris. Freesias



HOME OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATION COUNCIL

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are prodigiously abundant; like our trailing arbutus, their northern odor of exquisite purity is a token of spring in the cool southland. But with it is wafted a tropical breath; out of many a garden gate the air flows laden with the saturating scent of orange blossoms.

An American friend takes me out to his *quinta* in the growing quarter of Flores, five or six miles from the center. We speed quickly along over the magnificent Rivadavia Avenue in an electric cab. One of the great tramway companies has established an excellent service of motor-cabs. The surplus current from the power stations is thus utilized. In a way, therefore, the extra motive-power required for the cabs costs the company nothing. Patrons find the electric vehicles cheaper than the horse cabs for long distances, inexpensive though horse-feeding is in this land of plenty. My friend's *quinta* (Spanish for villa) is what remains of an old rural estate. The house and grounds occupy an entire block, and the expanding great city has built up compactly all around it. The place makes a lovely verdurous island in an urban sea—a Spanish country-house transformed with New England comfort and filled with treasures found in the local antiquarian shops. In the grounds a wonderful variety of trees and shrubs represents many a land and climate; the flowers are bewildering in beauty and mass; hosts of roses—the most delicate greenhouse sorts here robustly blooming in the open—carry the early Argentine spring forward to the equivalent of our June and July. Then the fruits, present and prospective: there are guavas and quinces, almonds and peaches, figs and cherries; the tropics and the high latitudes stand shoulder to shoulder; luscious ripe mandarin oranges hang over a bed where the sweetest of strawberries keep on ripening for months at a time.

Particularly delightful is a ramble in the charming Paseo de Julio that follows the line of the bluff where the city takes a drop of fifteen or twenty feet to the water-side levels. The wide avenue of the paseo runs between the littoral belt of docks, warehouses, and their connecting railway lines, and the great mass of the city. On the inner side of the avenue a broad arcaded sidewalk of the characteristic Spanish style *(portales)*, and similar to that of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, runs beneath substantial great business structures for a long distance—perhaps a mile or more—making an imposing architectural feature. Through the center of the paseo runs a long belt of gardening embellished with picturesquely grouped trees, shrubbery, flowers, fountains, and statuary. This makes a beautiful interlude between the prosaic commercial water-front, with its shipping and its bustling traffic, railway and maritime, and the more architectural and monumental features of the great city. The glimpses of the vast river spreading beyond the docks like the ocean itself are impressive. In its shallow immensity it lacks the majesty of the salt sea. It has its own aspects of beauty under certain lights, at certain hours of the day. But ordinarily its tawny expanse, spreading to an unbroken horizon, suggests a vast plain of newly plowed ground.

The marvelous growth of Buenos Aires has wrought quick transitions. Even six years ago the typical aspects of old Spain, of Italy, characterized the mercantile districts. The open shop-front was universal. The breezes blew in without hindrance, often working their will with the goods and with the skirts of customers. Then came the first plate-glass window. It made the little "Yankee-notion" shop that imported it the talk of the town. Now every shop has its plate-glass front, and the window displays compare with what may be seen in any great city.

The electrification of the street railways was only lately taken in hand. Some of the lines still have animal traction. The narrow streets, the marvelous growth of the city, the phenomenal vehicular movement, make inevitable for the near future an unbearable congestion of traffic in the central districts. A wide north-and-south avenue, soon to be cut through the old town, bisecting the Avenida de Mayo, will give much relief. Two great diagonal avenues radiating outward from the new House of Congress, with vistas of its dome, are also to be built.

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Two subway systems are projected for the near future. The great Western Railway Company, whose terminal is now a long distance from the center, is to build subway routes for freight and passengers connecting with the water-front and the docks. Another subway concession is for purely local traffic. A liberal percentage of the gross receipts is to go to the government, and at the end of fifty years the entire property reverts to the municipality.

Trips to Adrogúe, a favorite residential suburb half an hour out on the Southern Railway, and again by express train to the city of La Plata on another branch of the same line, give a good idea of the general character of rural Argentina in its older sections. Everywhere are level plains.

All around Buenos Aires trees are very general. Probably they would flourish everywhere. The fat black soil, the vast and verdant reaches dotted with farmsteads where windbreak groves accent the landscape like islands rising from the sea—all this seems exactly like a railway trip across the prairies of Illinois or Iowa. There are differences in detail, of course—houses of masonry, for instance, instead of wood, from the box-like cottages of the small farmer to the lordly dwellings of the great estancias. The trees are eucalyptus for the greater part, attaining giant size in a few years.

The life of the "camp" of the vast plains has many interesting aspects, more picturesque than that of our own Far West, so much depicted in recent fiction. In the streets of Buenos Aires the young Gaucho, cousin to our cowboy, and of divers blends of Creole-Spanish and Indian stocks, is a familiar figure. He is frank-faced, the free repose of the pampas in his clear eyes. His clothing is brownish or buff, and the hue of his blanket—his poncho carried folded over his shoulder—is the same. He keeps his head, and is not addicted to "shooting up the town."

One sees in the outskirts much of the big carts from the country, always of Spanish type, with two high wheels, at least six feet high. In Uruguay I saw carts of ten-feet gauge, with three or four mules abreast. In remoter districts of Argentina there are carts with wheels ten feet high, and carrying as much as two hundred sacks of grain. One who has traveled all over Argentina tells me that something near half the farming population are Italians.

The immense pampas are known as the most distinctive and valuable feature of Argentina. But there is much besides. Between the Chaco and the Misiones in the tropical north and the cool Patagonian territories in the far south there are great diversities and great riches—noble mountains, beautiful lakes, splendid rivers. Brazil is so overwhelming in size that we hardly consider that Argentina is itself a big country. A land more than one-third the size of the United States makes a large slice of South America. We think of Mexico as a country of imperial proportions. But Argentina, comprising one-sixth of South America, is larger than Mexico was before we despoiled her. Her map, laid upon that of North America along the Pacific, would extend from the Canadian line down to the southern extreme of Mexico. The area would make either twenty-five Pennsylvanias, or seven Californias with nearly half of New York added. In the north Argentina's width would extend east from Puget Sound about as far as Bismarck, North Dakota, or the distance from New York to St. Louis; in the south it would be about that of Mexico at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The length of the country north and south is equal to the distance from the center of Hudson Bay to the extreme of Florida. The coast line would not only take in the entire Atlantic littoral of the United States from Key West north, it would also include that of Canada's maritime provinces as far as Halifax.

This great country practically commands the mouth of the second largest river system in the world. In volume the Rio de la Plata is eighty-four per cent. greater than the Mississippi. The vast traffic of these waterways, existing and potential, including enormous areas of Brazil and Bolivia, much of Uruguay, and all of Paraguay, is tributary to the Argentine metropolis, where

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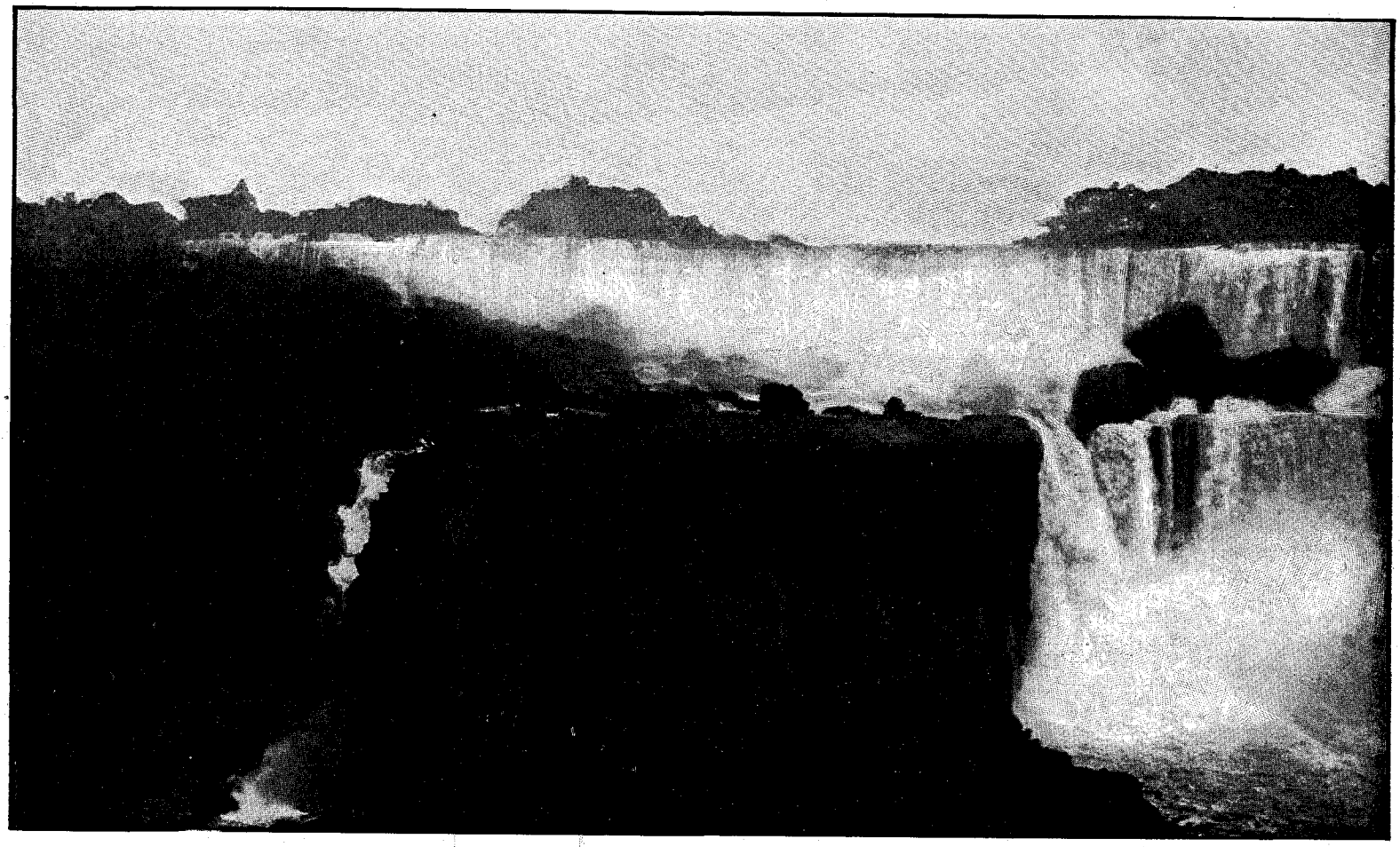

THE GREAT FALLS OF Y-GUAZU

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the distance across the river to the nearest point on the opposite shore, quaint La Colonia in Uruguay, is about thirty-five miles. Imagine Nantucket Sound a stream of fresh water!

Argentina's political and economical development—her present standing before the world and her brilliant prospects—justifies her heroic history. To call her the mother of South American liberty is no exaggeration. In thwarting with her splendid valor England's covetous designs upon the Spanish provinces of La Plata she was the first to say to Europe—as later the Monroe Doctrine made us say for all America—"Hands off! No trespassing!" In San Martín she gave to the world not only one of its greatest soldiers, but one of the three great constructive patriots of America's revolutionary period. San Martín alone—noble, unselfish, pre-eminent in generalship—can take rank beside Washington and Hamilton. He was the true redeemer of his continent. Without his wonderful campaigns, planned throughout with marvelous sagacity, the magnificent struggle of Bolívar in the north—Bolívar the ill-balanced; ambitious, vain, selfish, cruel, treacherous, and yet a splendid general—must have come to naught. It is hardly to our credit that we Americans, the first free people, should not only be so ignorant of the superb struggle for South American independence, but should misinterpret its significance, depreciate its results; viewing it as a disorganized series of unrelated insurrections whose final outcomes in tyranny and misrule only made lamentable their success. The truth is that in heroic qualities and in able, devoted leadership the history of that struggle is comparable with our own; that its ultimate fruitions will justify it, like the French Revolution, because it was the inevitable outcome of that of North America, accomplishing for the rest of the New World what the French Revolution did for Europe.

In a nation with such a history there naturally is much talent for statecraft. In the past, as in most other countries, there has indeed been no lack of defective leadership, much stumbling in the dark, no little going astray upon the road onward. But from Pueyrredon and Rivadavia down to Mitre and Sarmiento, to Calvo and Drago, the landmarks in statesmanship have been continuous, and the proportion of high-minded, patriotic men—determined, able, scholarly men who are giving their best thought to the gravest problems of their country and their age—vouchsafes that they will continue.

The population is small as yet—considerably less than 6,000,000, all told. Mexico's 15,000,000 or so within a much smaller area looms large in comparison. But when it comes to quality the comparison is the other way. Mexico is an extraordinarily rich country with a magnificent future fully assured. But something like eighty per cent. of the population is Indian, including the purely indigenous and the variously blended elements.

In purchasing power, in the development of wants to be supplied by trade and commerce, the Argentine population ranks phenomenally high. According to excellent observers, the 5,000,000 odd are in this respect the equivalent of twice Mexico's 15,000,000. Something more than forty per cent. of the Argentine population lies in cities—over a million in Buenos Aires. There is more than that number in the greatest and richest province, bearing the same name. Metropolis and province together comprise nearly half the population of the nation. In the cities the proportion of well-clothed, well-fed people is greater than in our own; the slums are smaller and the "submerged" classes less in proportion. I took pains to talk with many competent observers, able men in various branches of business, American, English, German. They regarded the country and its people from various points of view. But all agreed unanimously in one thing: That the resources of Argentina were marvelous, that its growth in wealth was practically limitless, that relatively its development was hardly beyond its early beginnings. In the past ten years Argentina exports have more than doubled. The country has already a tremendous purchasing power, and the climate is such as to make a high demand upon manufacturing nations.

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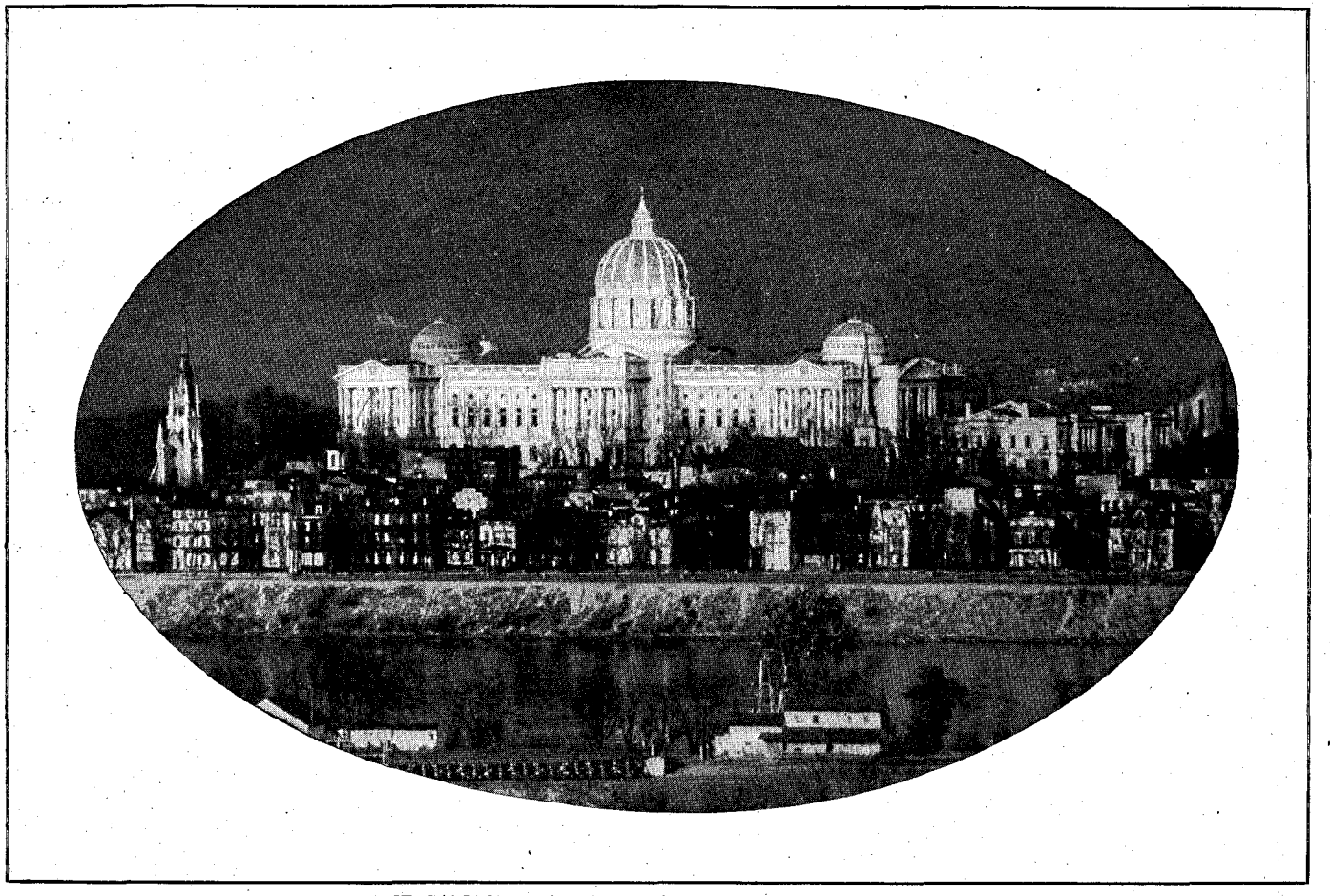

THE CAPITOL FROM AN ISLAND IN THE SUSQUEHANNA

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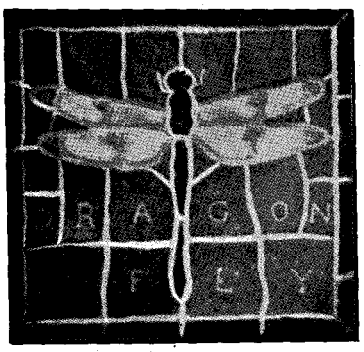
# A Costly Triumph

## By Harold J. Howland

*Illustrated by the J. Horace McFarland Company and William H. Rau*




"FOR four years I have been living in a dream," was the first of two significant statements made by Mr. Joseph M. Huston, the architect of the Pennsylvania Capitol, as we were looking over a collection of photographs of the newly completed building in his Philadelphia office. The words were suggestive of the spirit in which he had conceived his great work and carried it out. He is essentially a dreamer, an artist, an idealist. The opportunity came to him, first to plan and build the structure which should be the center of the public life of his native State; and then, by an unusual combination of circumstances, to complete the work by decorating and furnishing the building in harmony with his ideal for it. For four years he gave himself up to his dream, a dream of a Capitol which should be a worthy monument to the greatness, the wealth, the pre-eminence of the State, and which should contain in its various parts an epitome of Pennsylvania's history. He never spared himself, his time, his strength, or his money. He worked with the builders, the artisans, the artists, and infused them with some of his own idealism, so that the completed structure is full of craftsmanship, of work done for the love of it, and, above all, of a unity that shows one master mind informing the whole. When the building was almost ready for the dedication, two pedestals at the foot of the main staircase, intended to receive angelic figures bearing in uplifted hands globes of light, and typifying Aspiration, stood vacant; the appropriation for the figures had been withheld. When the day of dedication came, the figures were in place, paid for by the architect himself.

So much for the architect's dream.

His second statement was no less significant. "It was my first public building, and, please God, it will be my last." It showed the sensitive spirit of the artist, hurt to the quick by harsh and, as they seemed to him, unwarranted attacks upon the methods by which the work had been accomplished, by accusations of dishonesty and fraud. A dreamer who had dreamed and seen his dream take permanent form, he found himself robbed of credit for a noble and in some respects unprecedented achievement, and looked upon with suspicion and distrust.

In considering the new Capitol, there are several quite distinct questions which should not be confused. First, is it a good Capitol, one that the people of Pennsylvania and of the country may be proud of—a practical and artistic success? Second, were the methods by which it was built and furnished legal? Third, were those methods fair to the people of Pennsylvania, who were paying for the Capitol? Fourth, were the building, decorating, and furnishing honestly done? Did the State and the people of the State get their money's worth?

The first question, in my judgment, ought to be kept entirely separate from the others, and considered without reference to them. What Pennsylvania wanted



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THE CAPITOL FROM THE PARK

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was a worthy Capitol. If the finished building was inadequate, or poorly built, or ugly, the State had not accomplished its purpose, no matter how scrupulously honest and painstaking its designers may have been. If, on the other hand, the structure was well built, suited to its purpose, and beautiful, the State had got what it wanted—the methods by which the result had been accomplished were another matter, to be searchingly inquired into, if necessary, but having no bearing on the main question.

The first thing to be considered is, then, What kind of a Capitol has Pennsylvania built?

The Capitol Park occupies an oblong seventeen acres in the center of Harrisburg, two blocks from the Susquehanna River, the city's western boundary, and parallel to it. The ground in the Park rises gently from three sides toward the middle of the third, the eastern, side. The slight eminence so formed is the site of the Capitol, which is surrounded on three sides by the tree-covered slopes of the Park, and on the third (fortunately the rear) by an ill-favored dwelling-house district, extending to the main line of the Pennsylvania railway, and showing Harrisburg at its worst. A strong movement to have this slum region cleared out by the State and added to the Park is under way. It needs only this to make the surroundings of the new Capitol worthy of the building itself; for, in comparison, this great structure is far more closely hedged in than either the Providence or the St. Paul buildings, recently erected. If Pennsylvania should thus give her Capitol a dignified approach from the east, travelers on the railway would have opportunity to see the building as favorably as the Connecticut and Rhode Island capitols may be viewed.

The exterior of the Capitol has no especial claims to pre-eminence. Its lines, however, are dignified and substantial, culminating in a dome modeled on that of St. Peter's in Rome. The material of the exterior is Vermont granite, of a gray tone which gives an impression of solidity and strength.

The main entrance, in the center of the western façade, is closed with a richly decorated pair of bronze doors. Each leaf of the doors, which weighs a ton and yet is so nicely balanced that it swings noiselessly under the lightest pressure, was cast in a single piece. The process employed was one demanding not only skill and delicacy of manipulation on the part of the founder, but boldness on the part of the designer, for he must stake all on a single throw. It is called the "cire perdue" or lost wax process; in it the modeling of the details of the design is done in wax to secure sharpness and fineness of outline. The mold is made over the wax, which, when the casting is done, is driven out by the molten metal, thus destroying the only model of the design. In case of a mistake or an accident in the casting the whole work goes for nothing, and the modeling must be done again from the beginning. The leaves of the doors bear four panels and two medallions. The panels illustrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and the mineral and agricultural wealth of the State. The medallions symbolize History and Education.

While the exterior of the Capitol needs no apology, but, on the contrary, worthily fulfills its purpose, it is the interior by which its claims to pre-eminence among American public buildings (if such pre-eminence is to be successfully maintained) must be supported. There are five features or parts of the building in which interest centers and each of which, taken as a whole, has great beauty and distinction. They are the rotunda and dome, the Senate Chamber, the Chamber of the House of Representatives, the Governor's Suite, and the Supreme Court Room. The rest of the building is divided into offices, committee or meeting rooms, and workrooms, larger or smaller as use requires, the total number of rooms reaching four hundred and seventy-one. All of these are designed and furnished with unusual richness, extending far beyond the requirements of the mere transaction of business, but giving to the entire building unity of conception and treatment.

From the main entrance a vestibule leads into the rotunda. Directly before

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you the grand staircase of Vermont and Italian marble leads by an easy flight to a broad landing on the mezzanine floor, and thence by two flights following on either side the curve of the walls of the rotunda to the gallery on the second floor. The marble rail of the staircase flows in a continuous and graceful line into the balustrade of the gallery. As seen from a point above in the dome, the noble curve of this balustrade, uniting balcony and staircase, was to me the most distinguished single feature of the building. The figures of Aspiration on the posts at the foot of the balustrade, already mentioned, give a superb finish to the staircase. When illuminated from within, the balls of crystal float in their upstretched fingers like giant bubbles of imponderable light.

From each side of the rotunda a long corridor leads through the main body of the building to the north and south wings. On either side of the entrances to the rotunda from the main door and the lateral corridors stand three great Doric columns of white Vermont marble. Their massive strength and simplicity are appropriate to their position at the base of the dome which rises above them. The first impression of the rotunda is one of dazzling brilliancy from the pure white of columns and staircase; but it is relieved from any hint of coldness by the rich warm red of the floor.

Before looking up into the dome this floor is worthy of study. It is composed of small tiles, whose smooth unevenness is particularly pleasing to the foot. At intervals are interspersed larger tiles, bearing in quaint designs of strong, simple lines figures and scenes reminiscent of Pennsylvania's history, its animals, birds, and plants, and the life of the people. The spinning-wheel, the emigrant wagon, the turkey gobbler, the bumblebee, the churn, the bear, the loon, the automobile, Indians, and old Dutch settlers are some of the four hundred subjects scattered through the pavement of rotunda and corridors. The

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THE MAIN CORRIDOR LOOKING TOWARD THE ROTUNDA

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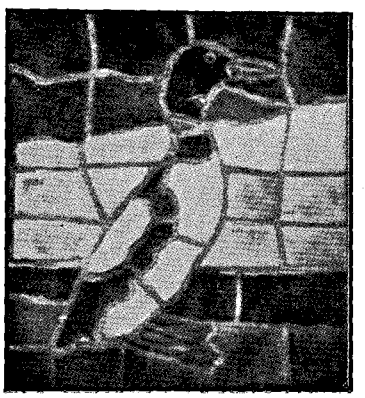
MORAVIAN TILES

tiles were made by Henry C. Mercer, at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, in the manner of the pottery tiles introduced into the State by the early Moravian settlers from their Austrian home. It is interesting to note that one not altogether fanciful purpose of the use of the tiles here is to provide an imperishable record of Pennsylvanian life for future ages, as the hieroglyphs have furnished our records of ancient Egypt.

The impression conveyed by the dome as seen from below is indescribable. Effects of space and height, of nobility of proportion, of richness of decoration, of the soft blending of colors into a pleasing harmony, all combine to give a feeling of majesty and beauty. Especially fine is the effect at night, when thousands of hidden lights emphasize the beauty of line and color, leading the eye to the central opening into the cupola, whose background of blue studded with golden stars gives a faithful counterfeit of the canopy of the heavens.



The north and south corridors are lined with pilasters, the lunettes between them above the wainscoting being filled with mural decorations. In the south corridor the paintings are by W. B. Van Ingen, and represent the many religious sects to be found in Pennsylvania. The spaces in the other corridor will be filled with paintings by J. W. Alexander, representing the changes in the physical characteristics and material resources of the State throughout its history.

From the north and south sides of the rotunda gallery handsome doorways lead through the appropriate anterooms into the Chambers of the two Houses of the Legislature. Each of these halls has its distinctive color scheme and style of decoration—the Senate green and gold, with its columns and pilasters of the Doric order; the House blue and gold, and Corinthian in style. The House is the more ornate, but the Senate is the more dignified and, to my taste, the more beautiful.

As one enters the



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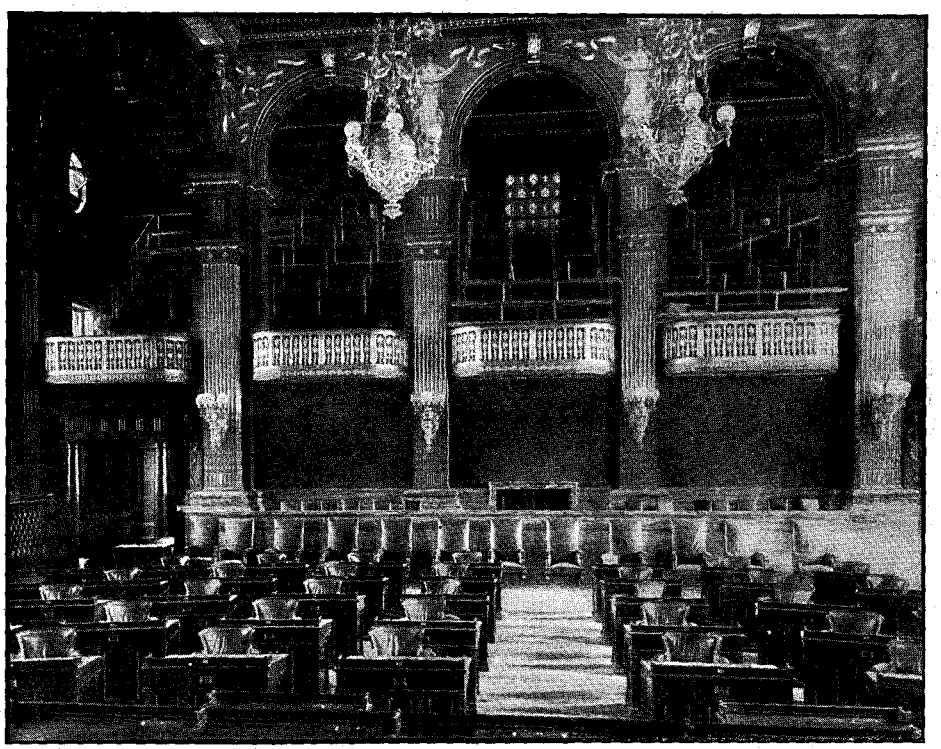

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THE SENATE CHAMBER

House the eye is first caught by the wainscoting, which, varying from six to nine feet in height as the floor slopes toward the Speaker's desk, is composed of marble from the French Pyrenees. In color it is a blend of cream and buff, clouded with spots of rose and gray and black. The marble has been cut in leaves, and the adjoining slices opened out like the leaves of a book, and placed side by side. This process produces in each pair of slabs curious and interesting patterns, here a great butterfly, there a turtle, in another place a phantom head. Above the wainscoting rise Corinthian columns in creamy yellow and gold, which support the main beams of the ceiling through the broad ribs of the cove, or half vaulting. The richest part of the decoration is above the line of the columns. The ceiling is divided by immense beams, covered with elaborate carving and gilding, into deep spaces, the central one circular, the others rectangular. The central space is to be filled with a mural painting, representing the twenty-four hours, by Edwin A. Abbey, who will also decorate the mural spaces behind the Speaker's desk with paintings illustrating the history of the Commonwealth. The other spaces in the ceiling are covered with rich ornamentation in deep blue and gold. From the intersections of the beams hang immense chandeliers. These chandeliers are each eighteen feet in height, and massive creations of elaborately wrought bronze gilt and cut glass. Between the ribs of the cove are round stained-glass windows designed by W. B. Van Ingen. The colors in these windows are deep and brilliant, giving them the appearance of jewels set in the rich gold ornamentation around them. The subjects represented are Education, Abundance, Steel and Iron, Religion, Printing, Liberty, Bridge Building, and the like, each typified by a single figure with appropriate symbols. The furniture of the Chamber is of mahogany, giving a quiet but rich foundation for the ornate decoration above. Like the dome, the House is seen to the best advantage by artificial light. The colors and the gilding are softened and blended, while the lights bring out the wonderful beauty of the chandeliers.



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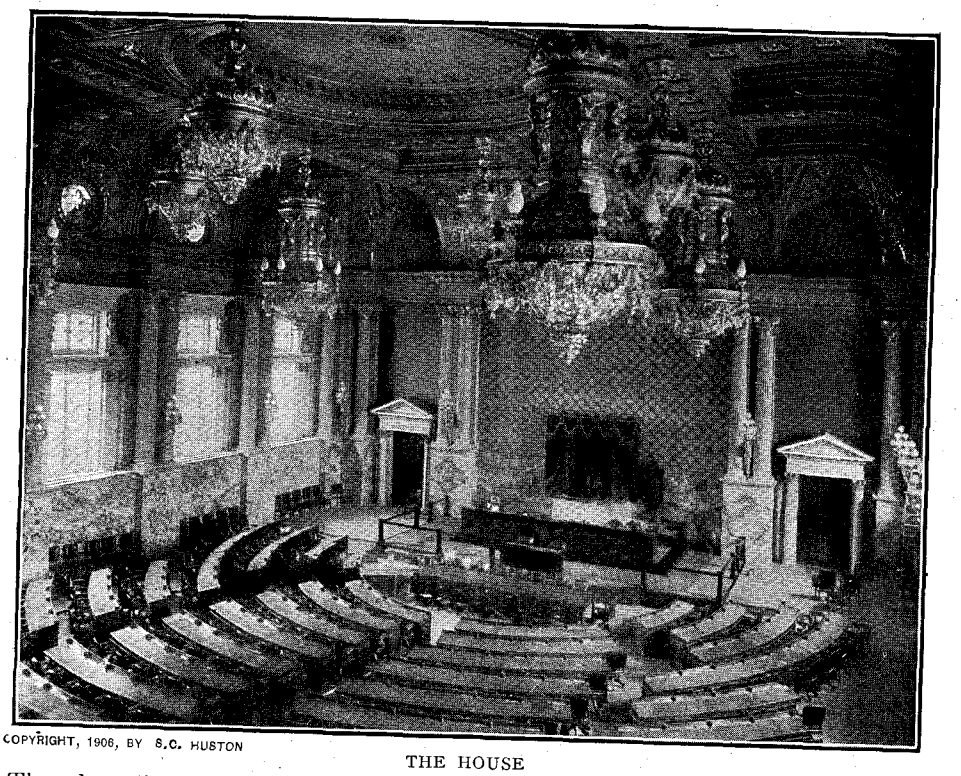

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THE HOUSE

These have lights not only within, behind screens of shimmering cut glass, but dozens of electric bulbs without, which shine like stars.

In the Senate Chamber the wainscoting is of green Connemara marble, reaching to the sills of the long windows. The ceiling is divided by profusely carved and gilded beams into square recesses, each with a gold rosette in its center. The spaces between the ribs of the cove are covered with richly gilded decoration, forming again frames for stained-glass windows by Van Ingen. The chandeliers are less elaborate than in the House, but have more delicacy of outline and ornamentation. In this Chamber, too, wall spaces, now bare, will be filled with mural paintings by Mr. Abbey. It only needs the brilliant color which his paintings will doubtless supply to make this a room unsurpassed for beauty of design and decoration.

There are two principal rooms in the Governor's Suite, the reception-room and the Governor's private office. The reception-room is seventy-two feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, and is lighted by three tall French windows on one side. The walls are wainscoted to a height of nine feet in dark oak. The broad plain panels, unadorned with carving or decoration and separated from each other by simple pilasters, show remarkable beauty of grain and color. Above the wainscoting and extending to the ceiling around the entire room is a frieze of mural paintings by Miss Violet Oakley, representing "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual." The paintings "take up the thread of this struggle [for absolute individual, spiritual, and religious liberty] in the mother country in the days of the wider dissemination of the Bible (in English) after the invention of printing, and follow it through the conflict of human wills and human opinions in regard to Truth, one against another, until we come to a State built upon the broad foundation of tolerance." The subjects begin with William Tyndale printing his translation of the Bible into English at Cologne, include the smuggling of the first copies into England, the burning of the Books at Oxford, the execution of Tyndale, and the granting by Henry VIII. of permission for the free sale and reading of the



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translation; the death of a typical martyr to the Truth, Anne Askew; the culmination of intolerance and persecution in the Civil War; the vision of George Fox at the beginning of his ministry; and scenes in the life of William Penn, ending with his first sight of Pennsylvania. Miss Oakley's style in the paintings of the frieze is peculiarly the decorative, not only in color but in drawing. Her figures and faces are lacking in the quality of character delineation which is found to such a remarkable degree in Mr. Abbey's frieze of the Holy Grail in the Boston Public Library; but in fidelity to detail, artistic feeling, and purely decorative quality they are on a high plane of performance.

The private office of the Governor is comparatively small, but sumptuous in its decoration. The richly carved oaken wainscoting, reaching three-quarters of the way to the ceiling; the frieze of portraits of the Governors of Pennsylvania, set in oak panels which continue the wainscoting; the ceiling of buff with cream and gold ornamentation; the carved fireplace and mantel of red Numidian marble, with a high overmantel of oak inclosing a beautiful clock; the chandeliers, designed on charmingly graceful lines and set with ropes and panels of crystal drops, are features that make this room in some respects the gem of the entire building.

The Supreme Court Room is fittingly designed in a spirit of dignity. The pure Greek Ionic style is used throughout, the proportions and details having been suggested by the Erechtheum, the beautiful Ionic temple at Athens. The wall is wainscoted in mahogany for a third of its height, and the panel spaces above are to be filled with paintings by Mr. Abbey representing the development of Law from the unwritten tradition to the codified system. The main feature of the room is a low dome, made of opalescent glass in shades of amber, pearl, and gray, with green scroll-work decoration. The proportions of the dome heighten the impression of dignity made by the whole design of the room, while the warm, mellow light shed by its translucent glasses gives the chamber a distinctive atmosphere.

As a whole the Capitol is a wonderful product of the art of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, the work of the builder, the carver in wood and stone, the artificer in metals and glass, the decorator and the furniture-maker. One may quarrel with the architect's conception of the building; one may question (and with good warrant, in my opinion) whether a building in the ornate style of the Italian Renaissance is a fitting center for the public life of a democratic State, especially that State, of all others, which was founded by a Quaker. But granting, for the moment, that the architect's conception is the true one, or as good as another, it must be admitted that it has been carried out ably, consistently, and with wonderful artistic feeling. The building has unity, dignity, strength, and, above all, beauty.

If I may say a word of personal experience to the reader who, since he may not go to Harrisburg himself, must see through my eyes, I went to the Capitol strongly averse to over-elaboration and ornateness, and prejudiced against the building itself because of what I had heard of it. I tried not to like it, but I could not help myself. The building is beautiful, and I had to admire and praise it.

The answer to the first question in regard to the new Capitol—as to its worthiness—I have indicated, in so far as my personal judgment, which is frankly that of a layman, is concerned. I may say, however, that this judgment, in its essential points, is concurred in by every one with whom I have talked on the subject who has seen the building.

The other questions of the legality, the honesty, and the fairness of the methods by which the building and adornment of the Capitol were accomplished must in the final event be answered by investigation of the proper authorities. A statement, however, of certain facts in connection with the work, and of certain points where inquiry seems necessary, can even at this time be fairly made.

On July 18, 1901, the General Assembly of Pennsylvania appropriated four million dollars for the construction of a

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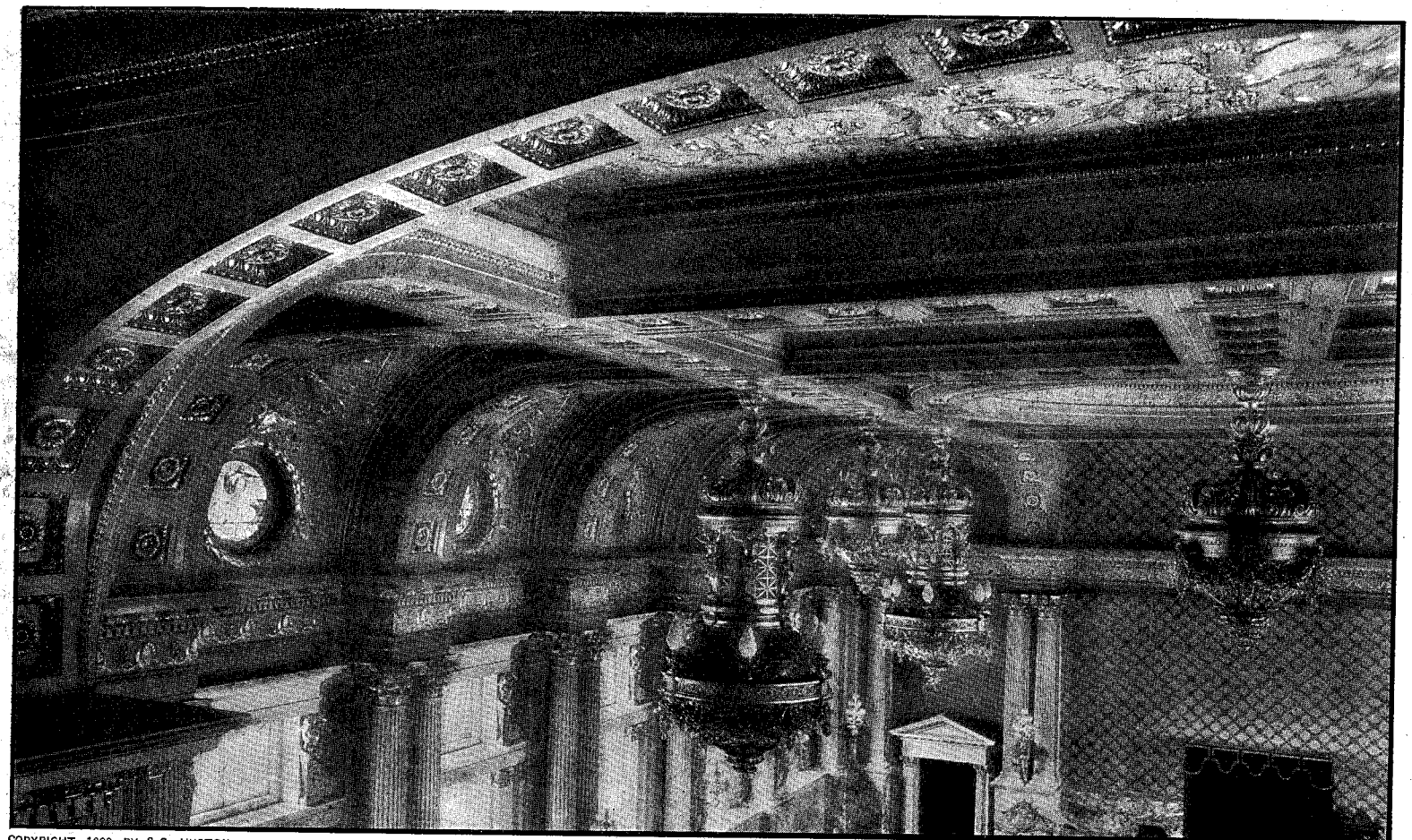

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THE COVE AND CEILING OF THE HOUSE

The picture shows the giant chandeliers eighteen feet high and weighing thousands of pounds

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THE MAIN STAIRCASE

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capitol. A Commission was appointed, composed of Governor William A. Stone, William H. Graham, of Allegheny, W. P. Snyder, of Chester County, N. C. Schaeffer, of Lancaster, and Edward Bailey, of Harrisburg. This Commission was authorized and empowered to "construct, build, and complete the State Capitol Building at Harrisburg," which building should be completed in all its parts ready for occupation, on or before January 1, 1907. The Commission, under the expert advice of Professor W. R. Ware, a professor of architecture in Columbia University, selected from a group of competitive plans those of Mr. Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, and proceeded to let the contract for the construction of the building in accordance with those plans. The work of the contractors and the Commission was completed within the specified time, within the specified appropriation, and, so far as I can learn, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

It should be noted here that the Building Commission conceived it to be their duty to deliver to the State a completed building ready for occupancy. At the dedication of the Capitol the President of the Commission, in presenting the building to the commonwealth, made this point perfectly clear. He said also, "We found that in addition to the money necessary for that purpose [the completion of the building] we could spare one hundred and ninety thousand dollars for decoration. Contracts were made with Miss Violet Oakley, George Gray Barnard, and Edwin A. Abbey for mural paintings and sculpture." It seems evident, therefore, that the Building Commission believed it to be right and proper for them, as far as the money at their disposal permitted, to decorate the building as well as merely to construct it. The Legislature, in authorizing the building of the Capitol, made no specific provision for furnishing. This part of the work had been taken care of in another way. There is in Pennsylvania, established by the Act of June 18, 1885, a permanent Board of Public Grounds and Buildings. This Board consists of the Governor, the Auditor-General, and the State Treasurer, and has "entire control and supervision of the public grounds and buildings . . . and all the repairs and improvements made, and all work done or expenses incurred in and about such grounds and buildings, including the furnishing and refurnishing of the same." On this Commission naturally devolved the duty of providing furniture for the new Capitol. In addition to the task of furnishing the building the Commission took it upon itself to further decorate and adorn the Capitol. To plan and supervise this work, as well as to design the furnishing, the architect of the building, Mr. Joseph M. Huston, was employed by the Commission. From this double employment—by the Commissions charged with building and with decorating and furnishing the Capitol—arose the architect's great opportunity to realize his dream as a whole, to give it unity and consistency throughout.

The cost of the furniture provided by what we may call, for the sake of conciseness, the second Commission, was given by Governor Pennypacker, the chairman of the Commission, in a letter to the Attorney-General on December 28, 1906, as $876,066.44. In a statement issued September 26, 1906, the Governor stated that the entire amount expended in both furnishing and decorating the Capitol, when material ordered but not yet paid for was included, would be $8,601,922.18. From these figures it appears that the cost of the decorations alone provided by the second Commission was $7,725,855.74. The cost of the building as constructed by the Building Commission was given by former Governor Stone as approximately $3,970,000. The total cost of the Capitol, therefore, completed and decorated, but without furniture, was approximately $11,685,855.

In considering the question of the legality of the action of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings three facts should be noted: First, the work done by the contractor under the second Commission in a number of cases replaced, in more ornate and elaborate fashion, work already contracted for by the first Commission in carrying out its conception of "a completed building, ready for occupancy." For instance, the first Commission had naturally provided for floors

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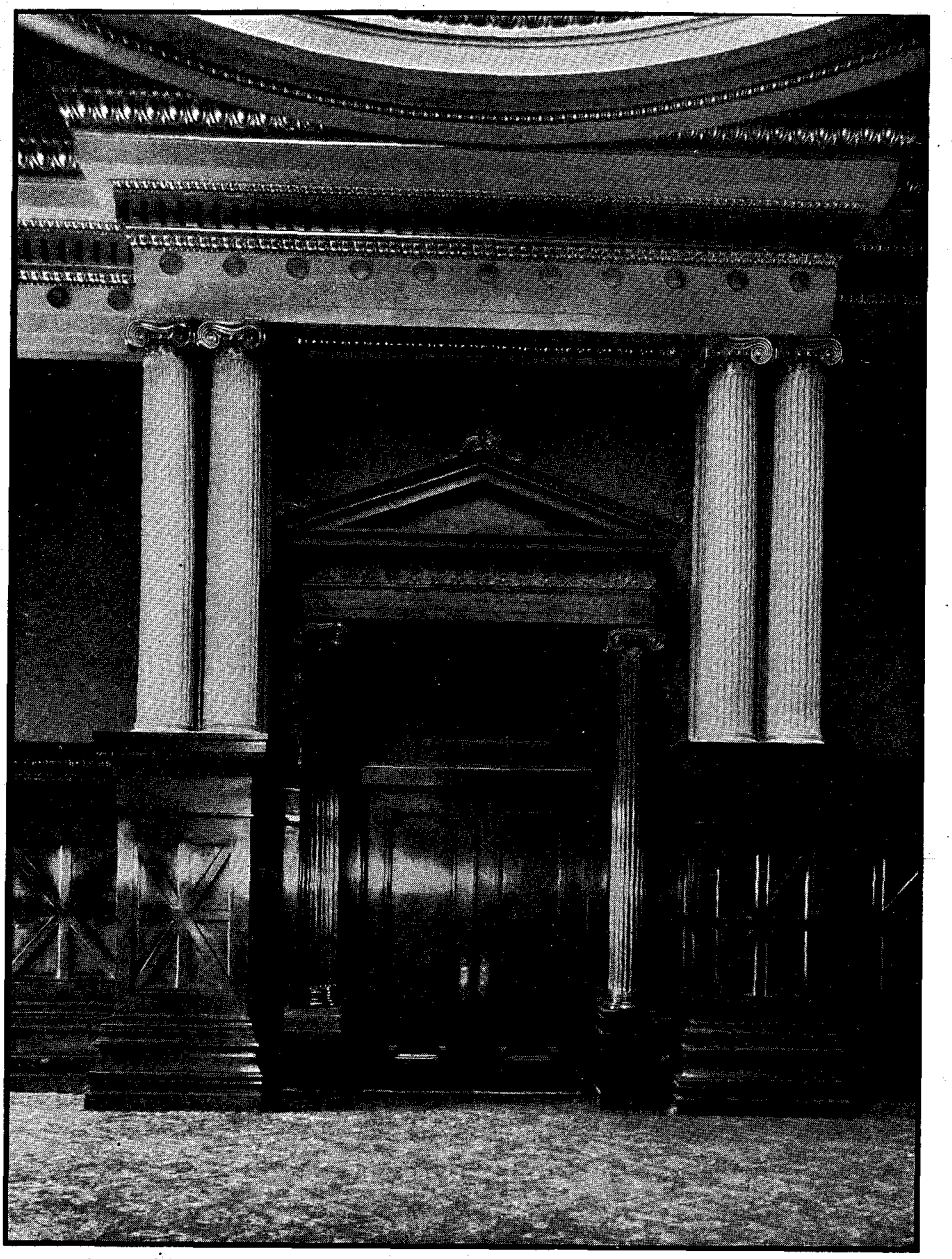
throughout the building. In many places the second Commission substituted elaborate and costly tiled floors for the simpler forms contemplated by the first. Second, the Public Buildings Commission expended the sum of $303,695.14, as Governor Pennypacker states in his letter of December 28, "in preparing the eighth story of the Capitol for the use of departments not in existence when the Capitol Commission made its contract." Third, in the General Appropriations Act of 1905, one section of which appropriated whatever money was necessary for the carrying out of the duties imposed upon the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, a distinct provision was inserted "that expenditures allowed



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THE DOORWAY OF THE SUPREME COURT ROOM

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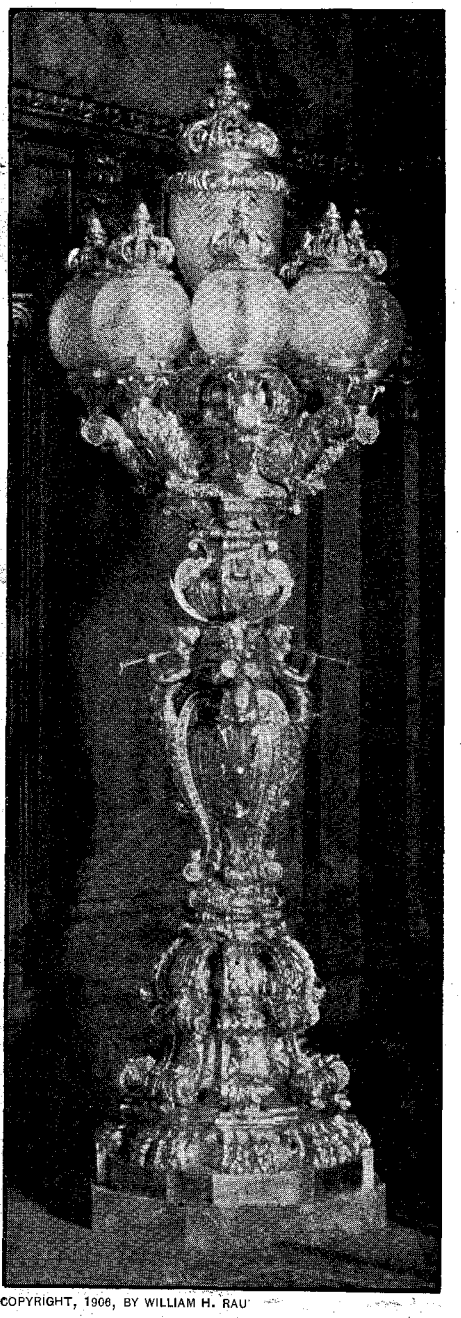
under this section shall not be so construed as to authorize the Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings to complete the present Capitol building."

A question of this kind can of course be definitely settled only by the courts, but it seems to me that the question may be pertinently raised whether the action of the second Commission in providing from its appropriation parts of the building which the first Commission in the natural course of events would have provided, and as a matter of fact had authorized its contractor to furnish, did not, in effect, amount to completing the building in the sense of the Act quoted above. Its action in finishing for occupancy the eighth story seems to me to come even more clearly within the prohibition of that Act.

A still broader question might be raised, and in fact has been raised by critics of the activities of the second Commission. It is whether the law that gave that Commission "entire control and supervision" of public buildings and authority to undertake all "repairs" and "improvements" and "furnishing," gave the Board any warrant whatever to expend the money of the State for the "decoration" of the Capitol.

Whatever may be the ultimate decision as to the legality of the actions of the Board, I feel strongly that the way in which the work was carried on was unfortunate, ill-advised, and above all, unfair to the people of the State. The two Commissions acted in absolute independence of each other, although one man was a member of both Commissions and the same architect was employed by both. I was informed by a prominent member of the Building Commission that he and his associates (with the exception of course of the man mentioned above, whose silence has not yet been explained) were unaware of what the other Commission was doing until the close of their work was at hand and they found that parts of the building for which they had contracted were being replaced with more elaborate designs and more costly materials. Indeed, it was this very lack of co-ordination between the two bodies which was the cause of the first outburst of criticism. In August of last year the announcement was made that the Capitol had been completed not only within the specified time, but within the appropriation of four million dollars, a fact which was proclaimed as being almost unprecedented in the



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A STANDARD IN THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION-ROOM

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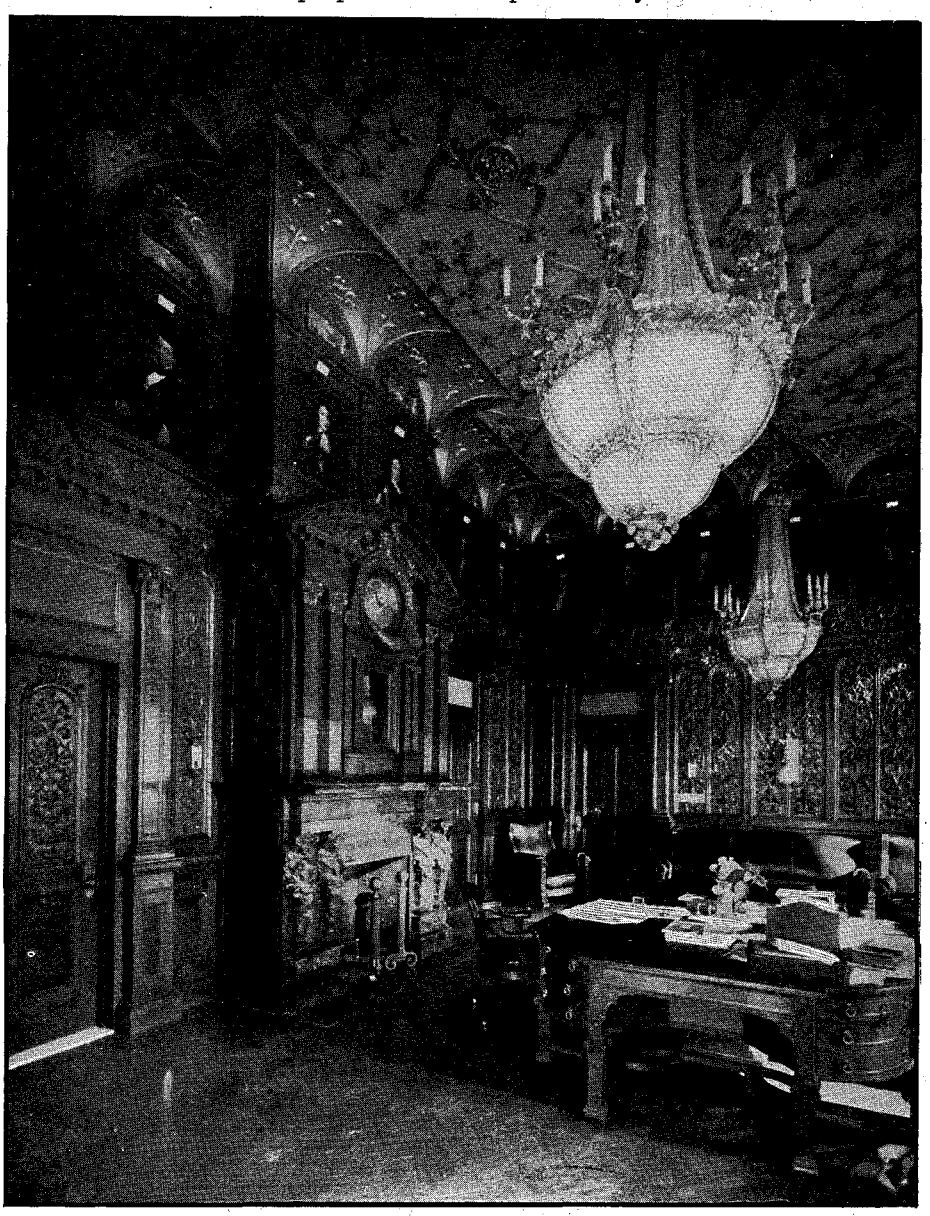
history of public construction. The people of the State had congratulated themselves for several weeks on the result before the announcement was made that to the four million dollars which the building of the Capitol had cost must be added nine million dollars for decoration and furnishing. The only defense which I have heard of the secret way in which the spending of the additional money was done is that if the people of the State had known that they were to pay thirteen millions of dollars for their Capitol instead of four millions there would have been such an outburst of protest that the work could not have been completed, and the State would not have had the magnificently artistic and beautiful Capitol which it now has. If the people of the State would not have been willing to spend thirteen million dollars for the Capitol if they had known that it was



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THE GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

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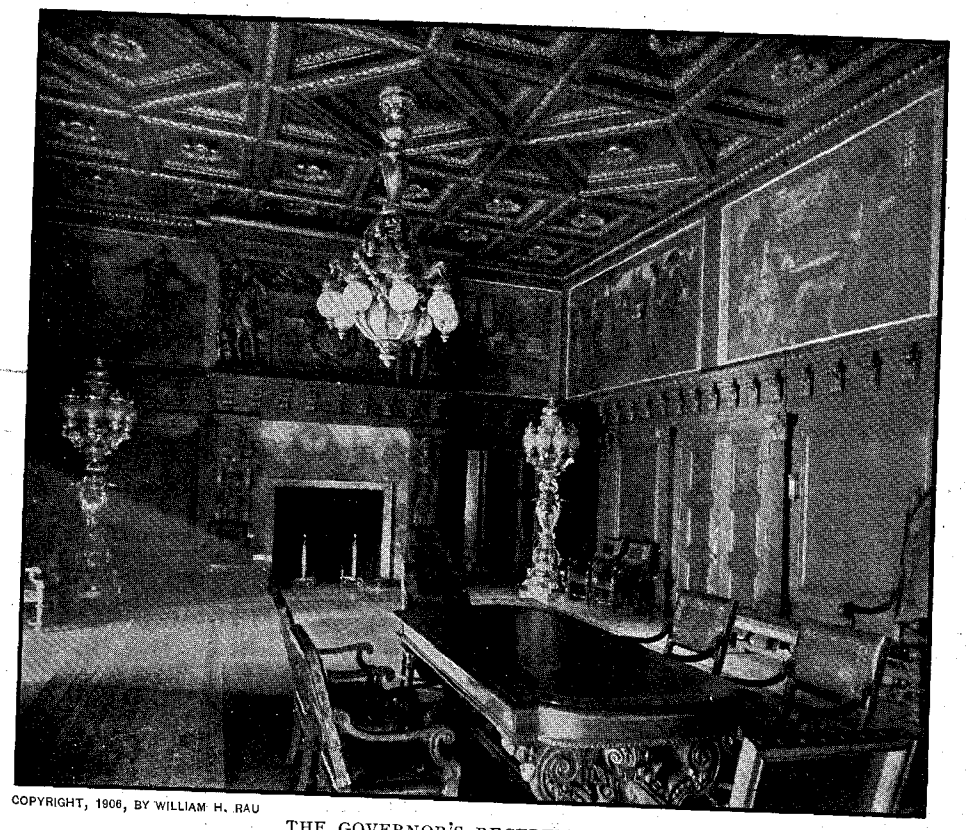

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THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION-ROOM

being done, what argument can justify the action of men who, because they believed that the people ought to want to spend so much money for so fine a building, arbitrarily and secretly compelled them to do so?

The question of the honesty of the charges and payments for the work of decorating and furnishing has been raised by the State Treasurer, Mr. William H. Berry. Mr. Berry took office last May, and the first thing that he found, as he told me, was that the posting of the books of his department was far in arrears. As soon as the books had been brought up to date he discovered, what had not up to that time been revealed, that the cost of the new Capitol would be nearer thirteen million dollars than four. His subsequent announcement was the first intimation that the people of the State had of this fact. His suspicion was first aroused as to the fairness of the prices which were being paid for decoration and furnishing, he told me, by a bill for ninety thousand dollars for parquetry flooring. From personal observation he knew that this flooring had been laid by a gang of about fifteen men in about two weeks, and, as he said, he "knew that there weren't fifteen men in the world who could lay ninety thousand dollars' worth of parquetry flooring in two weeks." He determined then to take the rooms of his own department and find out what the decorating of them had cost and to compare the prices with liberal estimates which he would obtain from other sources. He found that the ceiling of his private office, a comparatively small room, could be duplicated by a responsible decorator for five hundred and fifty dollars. It cost the State $5,500. He took up also the cost of the oak wainscoting of his room. "The highest estimate," he told me, "that any one was willing to give me by stretching his conscience was $1,800. That wainscoting cost the State $15,500. The same scale —ten prices—runs through the decorat-



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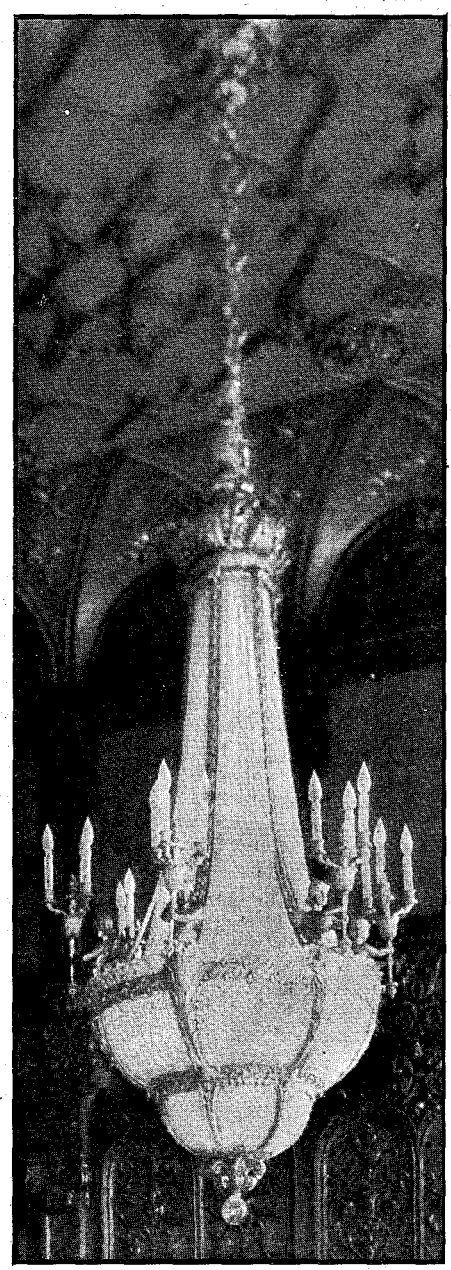
ing of this whole building. The State has paid five million dollars more for this Capitol than it should have paid." He then explained how, in his opinion, it had been made possible for such excessive prices to be charged. A special schedule for "furniture, carpets, fittings, and decoration" was prepared by the architect. This schedule contained various items on which bids would be received from contractors. On each item a maximum price was set, above which no bid would be received; the contractor was required to make his bid by stating the per cent. below the maximum price for which he would be willing to supply the item. Here are several sample items from this schedule showing the maximum price and the per cent. below this price bid by two contractors:



A CHANDELIER IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

| Description of Articles. | Maximum Price. | International Mfg. Supply Co. | John H. Sanderson. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Bookcases and wardrobes mahogany), Series F, per lineal foot | $37.00 | 40 | 58 |
| 2. Leather-covered easy armchairs (mahogany), Series F, each | 55.00 | 25 | 37 |
| 3. Leather-covered swivel armchairs (mahogany), Series F, each | 40.00 | 25 | 28 |
| 22. Designed furniture, fittings, furnishings, and decorations of either woodwork, stone, marble, bronze, mosaic, glass, and upholstery, Series F, per foot | 20.00 | net | 8 |
| 31. Designed special finished bronze-metal gas and electric fixtures, Series E-F, each | 225.00 | .. | 14 |
| 32. Designed bronze-metal for gas and electric fixtures, hardware, and ornamental work, mercurial gold finish, hand-tooled, and rechased, Series E-F. per pound | 5.00 | 20 | 3 |

It was found that John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, had, on the whole, made the best bid for the entire schedule, and he was therefore awarded the contract.

Mr. Berry called my attention to the chair in which I was sitting, which he said was one of the chairs described in item No. 2. For a chair of this sort the contractor had bid $34.65. When, however, the chair came to be paid for, it was billed under the omnibus item No. 22, on which a bid of $18.40 per foot had been made. It was determined (by just what process has not been made clear) that the chair contained eight feet, and the price accordingly was $147.20. Similarly, the chandelier in the room was one of those contemplated in item No. 31. The estimated price for such a chandelier was $193.50. It was, however, billed under item No. 32, at $4.85 per pound, making the price about $2,500. These examples will serve to indicate the methods which

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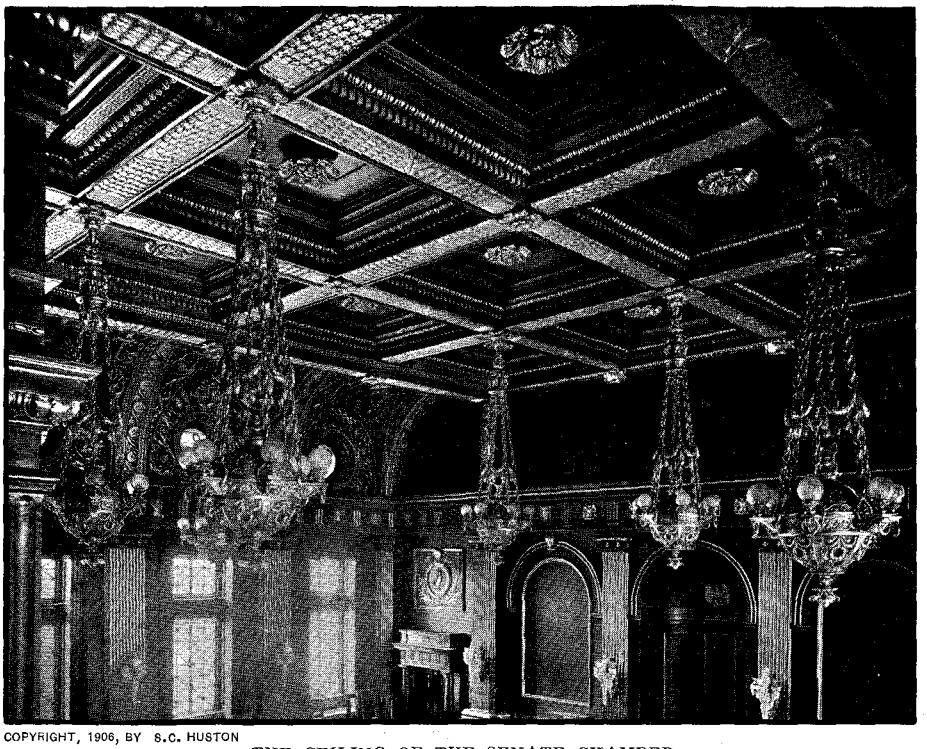

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THE CEILING OF THE SENATE CHAMBER

Mr. Berry charges were used to defraud the State.

He told me of another instance which he had carefully investigated, and of the correctness of which he was convinced. Around the drum of the main dome are quotations from the writings of William Penn in mosaic. This mosaic work was planned by the Building Commission and included in their contract. Later, however, they decided that it would be better to omit this particular decoration and use the money in some other way; they accordingly obtained an allowance from the contractor for the omitted work of eight dollars per square foot. Mr. Berry had found that the work, which was to have been of imported favrile mosaic, would have cost the contractor five dollars per square foot, giving him a profit of three dollars per square foot, which was perfectly proper. Subsequently the second Commission determined to have the inscriptions put up as originally planned. The work was done by their contractor, and charged for under item No. 22, at $18.40 per square foot. Mr. Berry states that he has found the man who actually did the work for the contractor, and has discovered that the work is of inferior quality and cost three dollars per square foot. The contractor's profit was, therefore, $15.40 per square foot.

It must be remembered that thus far these accusations of fraud and graft are merely accusations. This phase of the matter is being investigated by the Attorney-General of the State, and will probably be the subject of a legislative investigation. The public cannot do otherwise than to suspend judgment of the proof or falsity of the charges until the results of the official investigation are reached. No public reply has been made to the various specifications in the charges by those who have been accused. The general position, however, has been taken both by the architect and Governor Pennypacker that in considering the cost of the Capitol the building should be taken as a whole; its entire cost should be compared with that of other public buildings. The question whether the people of Pennsylvania have got their money's worth should be determined by



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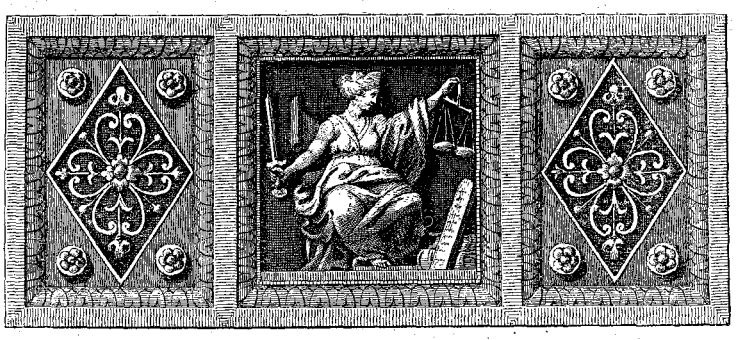
such a broad view and such a comparison. In an article by Isaac A. Pennypacker in Harper's Weekly the comparison is made as follows:

The cost per cubic foot of contents, which is the usual architectural way of estimating, is $1.04, inclusive of all the furnishing and decorating. Compare with this the cost for construction alone of the following buildings which are on a similar scale:

| | |
|---|---|
| Capitol at Washington, per cubic foot | $1.10 |
| " at Albany " " " | 2.00 |
| William C. Whitney's residence, per cubic foot | 2.55 |
| Knickerbocker Trust Company, New York, per cubic foot | 1.30 |
| New York Hall of Records, per cubic foot | 1.25 |
| Hotel St. Regis | 1.10 |

It is said also that the reason for the high cost of many of the items is that the elements of art and craftsmanship enter so largely into their construction. In the case of the chandeliers, for instance, special designs were made, the finishing was done by workmen who are more than mere artisans, and the molds were broken when the work was done so that no piece can be duplicated. It of course goes without saying that such work commands a higher price than ordinary stock designs mechanically finished would bring. It might be asked, however, how, in the case of work in which those elements were so prominent, the price could be properly fixed on a basis of mere weight.

In conclusion, I want to emphasize the point of view from which Pennsylvania's new Capitol should be judged. The building is a wonderful achievement of art and craftsmanship, a worthy monument to a great State; but that important fact carries with it no palliation of any illegal or dishonest methods that may have been used in building and furnishing it. On the other hand, the fact that grave charges have been made in connection with the work of decoration and furnishing should not be allowed to obscure the realization of the magnificent character of the Capitol itself. Each question should be judged on its own merits. Good work should receive its due reward of praise; accusations of dishonesty should be untiringly investigated, and if any are found guilty, they should be relentlessly punished.



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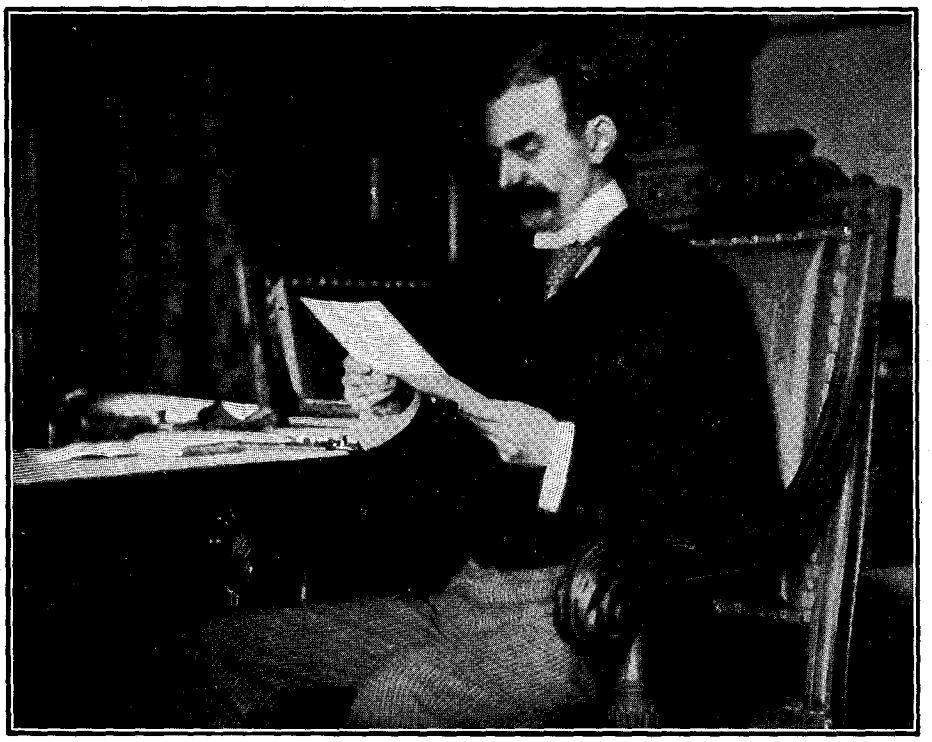
# MERIT AND DIPLOMACY

## SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

"TO the victor belong the spoils." To the victorious political party belong the offices. These spoils go to him who has rendered his party service; whether he is qualified for any particular office is quite another consideration. Time was when these ideas ruled in our Government service at home and abroad. But twenty-five years of civil service reform have had their effect. The spoils system seems actually getting shaky.

This has been especially marked during the present administration, and particularly so with regard to our representation abroad. Merit—that is, character, attainments, and proved efficiency of service—has been increasingly emphasized by President Roosevelt's foreign appointments and by all those suggested by his two Secretaries of State, John Hay and Elihu Root. Indeed, such a principle was essential if proper effect was to be given to the frankness, straightforwardness, and courage distinguishing the John Hay and Elihu Root diplomacy from that of many of their contemporaries.

More than passing notice, accordingly, is demanded by the recent nominations of Messrs. White, Riddle, Griscom, and Dudley to be Ambassadors to France, Russia, Italy, and Brazil. While each is an example of what may be accomplished in the diplomatic service by a



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JOHN WALLACE RIDDLE

Now Minister to Rumania and Servia; to be Ambassador to Russia



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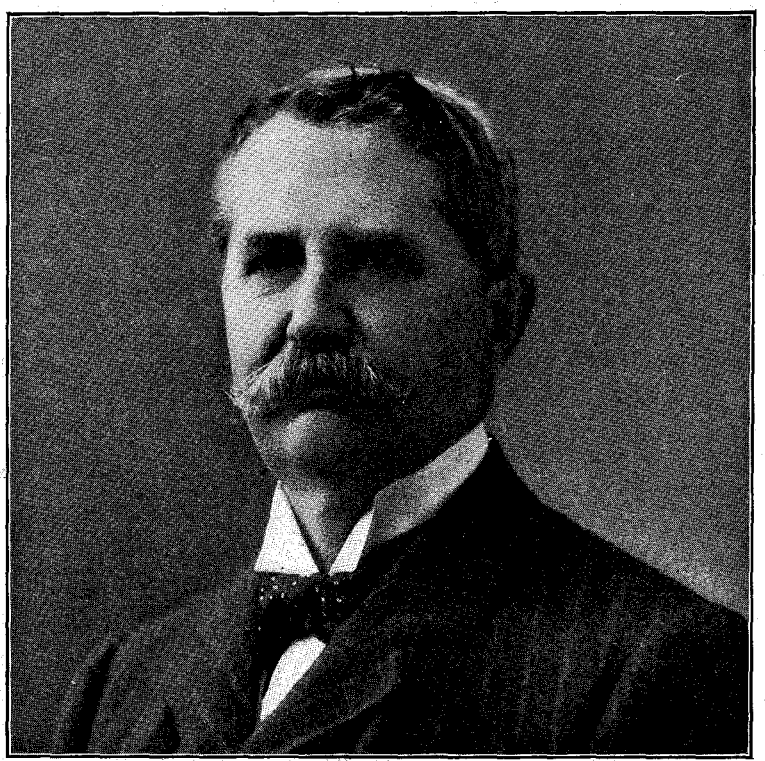
man of tact and sense, the chief thing to be noted is that each was promoted for merit and not for any "pull" of political influence.

One of these four men is in the prime of life; the others are younger. Mr. White is fifty-six years old, Mr. Dudley forty-five, Mr. Riddle forty-two, while Mr. Griscom is only thirty-six.

Mr. White and Mr. Riddle were educated in this country and France, the latter being a Harvard and Columbia Law School man. Mr. Griscom is a University of Pennsylvania graduate, both of the collegiate and law courses. Mr. Dudley is a graduate of Kenyon and of the law department of Columbia University. While the active practice of the law may first have attracted many of those who afterwards became clever diplomats, Mr. Riddle is one of the few men who from the first have resolutely set about fitting themselves for a diplomatic career. Long before he became a diplomatic agent he had grounded himself in the history of diplomacy and in international law, in history and politics, and, above all, in that intimate knowledge of foreign countries which can best be obtained by a knowledge of their languages. Harvard and Columbia were supplemented by the École des Sciences Politiques and by the Collége de France. Mr. Riddle speaks fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Rumanian.

Of the four appointees Mr. White is the oldest, the most experienced, the most distinguished, and perhaps the wealthiest. In his case no financial necessity could have greatly moved him to take up a livelihood. But many a rich American, as we may all be proud to recognize, feels it incumbent upon him to work at some profession, and to work as hard at it, too, as if he were dependent on it. Such energy has been so characteristic of Mr. White that none of his friends can think of associating the idea of money with him. For he knows and they know that his advancement has



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HENRY WHITE

Now Ambassador to Italy; to be Ambassador to France

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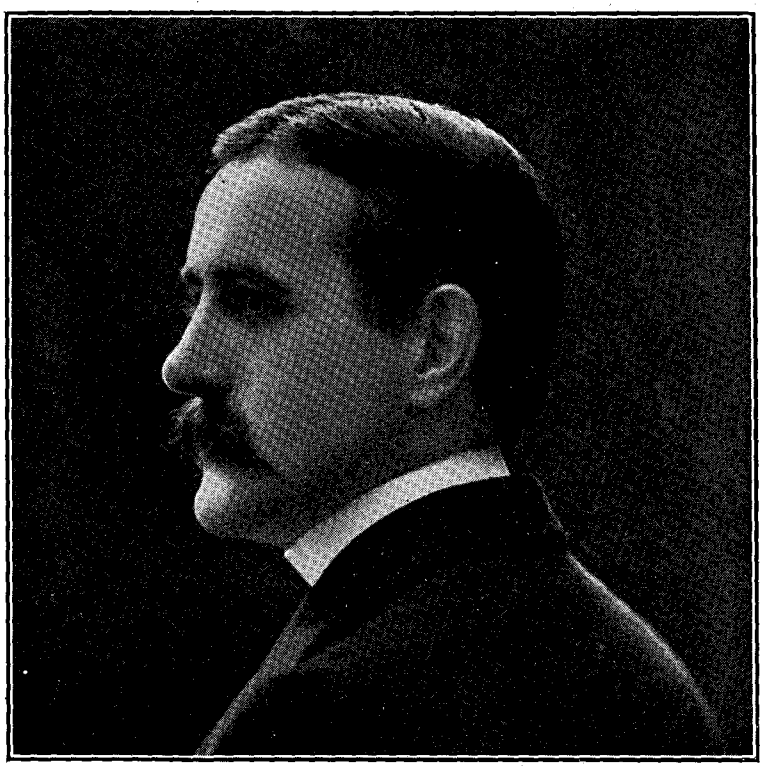
rested on no campaign contribution, nor is it supposed that he ever influenced a campaign contribution. When we consider that such financial evidence of party loyalty has sometimes formed the sole qualification of a candidate for diplomatic or consular honors, we may gratefully note its absence in this latest list of preferments.

With their respective records for service in mind, Henry White's promotion surprises no one; the others are surprises, more or less. Few have associated the Brazilian Embassy with Mr. Dudley's name; hardly any one could have thought of so young a man as Mr. Griscom stepping into the shoes of George P. Marsh; and certainly no one supposed that the time had quite come for Mr. Riddle's promotion to a post which he is certainly fitted to adorn. But last year the Secretary of State circumnavigated South America, and among the Ministers representing us on that continent he found more than one deserving reward. Hence we see John Barrett's efficient service at Bogotá recognized in a promotion to the headship of the International Bureau of American Republics, now to be a far more influential body than ever before; and we see Irving Bedell Dudley, who had been active in acquainting the Department of State with the exact situation in South America, invited to step up from ministerial rank at Lima to ambassadorial rank at Rio de Janeiro. Lloyd Carpenter Griscom, the retiring Ambassador at Rio, was a favorite of Mr. Hay's and enjoys the consideration of the present Secretary of State. He is rewarded by more exalted rank. He had his introduction to the diplomatic service as private secretary to Mr. Bayard when that statesman became first American Ambassador to England. It is believed that Mr. Griscom's record as Secretary at Constantinople, Minister at Teheran and Tokyo, and Ambassador at Rio will be consistently carried out at Rome. As to



PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MARUKI, TOKYO

LLOYD CARPENTER GRISCOM

Now Ambassador to Brazil; to be Ambassador to Italy

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John Wallace Riddle, a comparatively poor man, with no great political backing, no one has associated him with any immediate appointment to an embassy where his predecessors have probably spent their entire salary in house-rent alone. Most patently this appointment rests on no campaign contribution nor any financial influence. If Mr. Riddle cannot vie with his predecessors in display of wealth, he can equal their personal service in a position which perhaps almost more than any other has required the exercise of infinite patience, tact, spirit, resource, and firmness. While he was serving as Secretary at the St. Petersburg embassy some years ago, having been promoted from the Constantinople secretaryship, his first office, the oppression of the Jews at Kishinev and other Russian cities attracted Colonel Hay's attention and indignation. The result was a message, including a petition in behalf of the Jews, from the President to the Czar, which, in the American Ambassador's absence, Mr. Riddle was to deliver personally to Count Lamsdorf, the Russian Foreign Minister. Mr. Riddle promptly went to the Foreign Office and read the entire despatch to Count Lamsdorf, including the petition, and *then* asked whether the Russian Government would be pleased to receive it. The Foreign Minister peremptorily declined, but Mr. Riddle had accomplished the object for which the President and his Secretary of State had striven. When Mr. Riddle left St. Petersburg, it was to go as Agent and Consul-General to Egypt, where he remained until he became Minister to Rumania and Servia, his present position. Mr. Riddle represents real, potent worth as do few.

Of course Henry White's is the longest and most distinguished record. He has been in the American diplomatic service over twenty years. He was, first, a Secretary at Vienna, then Second Secretary at London, and then First Secretary, a position which he held so

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IRVING BEDELL DUDLEY

Now Minister to Peru; to be Ambassador to Brazil

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long as seemingly to have a life tenure. He repeatedly acted as Chargé d'Affaires, and was also our representative at the International Conference for the Abolition of Sugar Bounties. Two years ago Mr. White became Ambassador to Italy. His Roman service has been characterized by the same broad grasp of subject and thorough attention to detail that characterized his London service. As regards long experience, knowing and appreciating the qualities of many men representing many social and political shades, Mr. White is emphatically an all-round diplomat. His aptness in correctly judging the persons with whom he is brought in contact is a quality which we like to think peculiarly American. It has been called a Yankee shrewdness, and so it is, but it is characteristic of many men born outside of Rudyard Kipling's pie-belt, as is seen in the present instance. If Mr. White is a born judge, he is also an entire democrat. Although accustomed to move everywhere in aristocratic circles, he is absolutely free from "a certain condescension," and has always served the poor man and the nobody as well as he has the rich man and the somebody. No one who has ever seen him in the official discharge of his duties at London or Rome can regret his appointment to a position where the demands upon him will be even greater, for, despite his long foreign sojourns, no more whole-souled American represents America abroad.

During the past twelvemonth Mr. White has enjoyed one distinction perhaps as great as any which may come to him in his new station, namely, participation in the International Moroccan Conference at Algeciras, Spain, as Special Ambassador from America. In the discharge of this duty Mr. White found himself in a peculiar position. He represented a country the interest of which in Morocco was almost entirely commercial. When the issue between France and Germany regarding that corner of Africa became acute, and even war was talked about by alarmists, Mr. White was the one, more than any other Ambassador at Algeciras, to whom the representatives of those two Powers turned as to an umpire. Largely, perhaps chiefly, through his efforts, an agreement was reached, hardly attainable otherwise. It is not too much to say that when the position of American Ambassador at London becomes again vacant there will be no more deserving candidate than Henry White.

In 1900 John Hay, alone of Foreign Secretaries, pursued a policy respecting China which was first scorned and scouted by the others, and finally adopted by them. Mr. Hay's clear prevision, resource, and frank courage placed America in the diplomatic world where she had never been before.

In 1905 Theodore Roosevelt, by the exercise of a diplomacy as persuasive as it was strenuous, brought together in a peace treaty the combatants in the greatest and fiercest war of modern times. Had there been any doubters as to America's diplomatic leadership, that leadership was then positively confirmed.

As we think of those two events, we Americans must also feel that the future may bring events in which it may be our privilege and our duty also to play a leading part. We shall always be ready with agents for that part if, in our Government service at home and abroad, we cast off whatever remains of the spoils system and perfect the merit system.



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# THE DOGS OF WAR

## BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

ITALIAN AMBULANCE AND SCOUT DOGS

WE know the dog as policeman in Central Europe; as life-saver he has worked in the Alps for a thousand years. But the dog regularly enlisted in every great army of the world—whether in the Red Cross Department, or as scout and despatch-bearer—is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian War, out of 129,000 casualties, 13,000 were returned as "missing;" and who shall say what agony those unfortunates suffered? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog mitigating its horror. In Germany the education of the war dog is at this moment undertaken by a voluntary society with nearly two thousand members, among them some of the most distinguished officers in the world's greatest army.

The idea is not new. Xenophon tells us of Spartan dogs that wore huge spiked collars, and were probably used much as we used bloodhounds years ago against the once powerful Seminoles and Sioux. Again, there were the mastiffs that followed the Knights of Rhodes and scented out Turks miles away. The Dutch used them also in their age-long war with the Achinese, both as ambulance dogs and as dogs of war.

For there is a difference. The war dog proper is used for sentry, messenger, and scouting service; while the ambulance dog's training impels him only to scour the battlefield in search of the wounded and missing. That it is unsafe to use one dog for another's work was seen in the recent great German maneuvers, when an ambulance dog was sent on a message, and, having found a man really wounded, through being dismounted and trampled in a cavalry charge, he remained pathetically behind with him, and forgot all about the real business upon which he had been sent!

The exigencies of modern warfare not only necessitate an enormous extension of the battlefield, but also compel the troops to take every possible advantage of natural cover. This and the fact that wounded men will use their last strength to seek protection from artillery fire, cavalry charges, and the wheels of galloping guns, in such places as thick bushes, ditches, and natural holes, will show how difficult it is for the overworked stretcher-bearers of the Red Cross Department to notice prostrate figures not readily seen. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that modern warfare is carried on very largely by night attack, and at night, too, the wounded have to be collected.

The clever modern electric and acety-



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lene searchlights are useful only for open country; and in broken ground the brighter the light, the darker are the shadows thrown. The ambulance dog, however, is entirely independent of artificial light, and relies only on his extraordinary power of scent. Last year, during the great Austrian maneuvers, two hundred men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded; and the stretcher-bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had discovered them all.

Each dog carries about his neck a flask containing brandy or soup and also a roll of bandages. The wounded man, having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog his cap or belt, and the intelligent creature at once races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he conducts to the rescue with all speed.

A great authority on the dogs of war, like Surgeon-General Haecker or General von Herget—both of the German Staff—can tell marvelous stories of the dogs which the Allied Troops took with them to China for the suppression of the Boxer rebellion. The Italian dogs especially distinguished themselves, having had great training on the mountains of Savoy; they were collies chiefly, and had long been employed with the Bersagliere troops in their operations on the Italian side of Mont Blanc. These dogs had frequently rescued soldiers who had tumbled into crevasses or had fallen frostbitten on the march.

Some of them, by the way, took a very active part in the mimic warfare, for they carried a canvas satchel connected across their loins with a belt of light bent-wood, intended for the conveyance of ammunition to the firing line. The French in Algeria have also used dogs in this way in their warfare with the Arabs. One canine favorite with the Oran garrison was three years ago decorated with the stripes of a corporal, and has just been raised to the rank of a full "sergeant" on account of his preternatural sagacity! He is one of those rare dogs who can be used indifferently as scout, sentry, despatch-bearer, or seeker for the wounded on the battlefield.

His name is "Toto," and his education commenced at the age of eight months. He is a Russian Borzoi, and he and his inseparable mate, a German boarhound, are considered among the most valuable members of the garrison. They do not even mind being harnessed to light ambulance carts and assisting to haul the wounded to the hospital tent or wagon, after they have found them prostrate on the field.

TEACHING A NEW CANINE RECRUIT THE IDEA OF "SEARCH"
A man is lying prostrate within

But it is the German army authorities who have adopted war dogs on the largest scale, and thus stamped the institution with the seal of permanent value. General von Herget, speaking after a series of experiments with ambulance dogs, remarked: "However great the progress made in the Army Medical Department in the treatment of wounded, the comforts of science can only be applied when the wounded have been found; and this question is an exceedingly difficult one in modern war, with a vastly extended battle-front, night attacks, and the imperious necessity for taking cover. Indeed, in many cases the rendering of aid to missing wounded is impossible without some special help such as is ideally afforded by these dogs."

Austria, Switzerland, Great Britain,

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RED CROSS SEARCHERS FOR THE WOUNDED AND MESSENGERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

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Holland, Italy, and France followed the greatest of military powers in this matter; and now the dog is thoroughly established in the battlefield as a unit of high value. It is realized that hundreds if not thousands of men may owe their lives to canine searchers, or at least the mitigation of terrible suffering, such as the dreadful thirst resulting from loss of blood.

The Russian army in Manchuria employed hundreds of specially trained collies, and Captain Persidsky, of the late Count Keller's staff, reported to his chief: "In finding the missing and wounded with which the millet fields were strewn, nothing even approached our pack of seven English dogs. In our last engagement fifty-three men were found more or less badly wounded in utterly unsuspected places, where the stretcher-bearers and the surgeons would never have even dreamed of looking."

ONE OF THE POWERFUL BELGIAN HOUNDS USED BY THE RUSSIANS AS SENTRIES AND SCOUTS IN MANCHURIA

On another occasion with the Russians all the wounded were found by the dogs in places where otherwise they could not have been discovered at all, but would merely have been reported "missing." In the most recent German maneuvers, when the Emperor himself commanded a division of thirty thousand troops of all arms, with its due complement of dogs, the officers of the Prussian Jaeger regiments found the performance of the ambulance dogs beyond all expectations.

Under most unfavorable conditions—a broiling sun, among total strangers, in close, overgrown country unknown to the dogs, and with an entire lack of scent except that of numerous foxes and other game—they carried out their work of finding the "wounded" with unerring zeal. Prince Adolf, of Schaumburg Lippe, had a night trial at Bonn, when the dogs discovered casualties which could not be found at all by even the most experienced of the ambulance men. Similar trials were carried out by Captain Cistola, head of the Ambulance Dog Establishment in Rome, which has been subsidized by the Italian Government, with surprising results.

As to Great Britain, every year her War Office authorities carry out exhaustive tests of war dogs, both at Aldershot and in the great territory recently acquired for military purposes on Salisbury Plain. The scene during one of these night trials is most weird and impressive.

Long shafts of dazzling light thrown by portable search-lights sweep the entire range of rugged, boulder-strewn common, and under these rays the engineers and dogs glide silently through bracken and undergrowth seeking for men supposed to have been wounded in a battle just fought, with a front extending over fifteen miles. The dogs had been specially trained in Forfarshire, Scotland, by Major E. Hautonville Richardson, of Carnoustie; and the way in which they corrected the human searchers by bringing to light supposed casualties in out of-the-way places had to be seen to be believed.

As the bearer sections advanced, with the Major and his dogs, the collies would be loosed from their leash with the sharp words, "Seek, laddie!" Instantly the eager and powerful animal would spring into the undergrowth, nosing silently and swiftly among the bushes and long grass, ever searching and racing, and covering more ground

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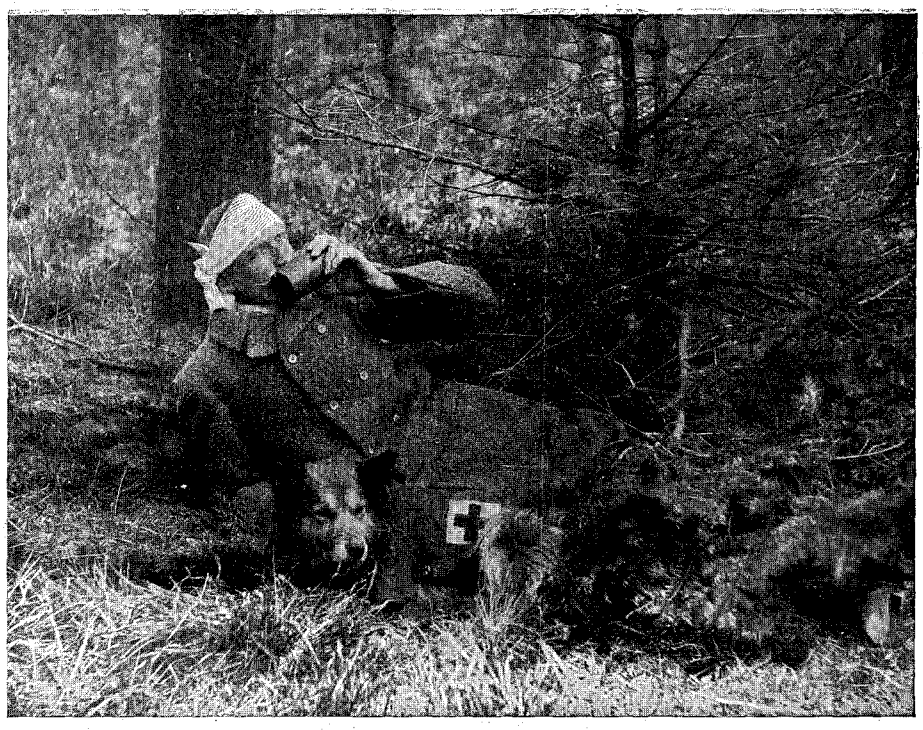

TRAINING A DOG TO ATTEND A WOUNDED MAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE—GERMAN ARMY MANEUVERS

in one minute than one of the ambulance-bearers would in a quarter of an hour.

Jangling bells about the dogs' necks enabled them to be followed easily by the stretcher-bearers. After a few thrilling minutes in the darkness, with the vast blinding beams from the search-lights playing this way and that, a bell that had been carefully followed would suddenly cease ringing, and a low, piercing whine from the collie would proclaim a "find."

Hurrying to the spot, the officer and his stretcher-bearers would find the soldier lying collapsed and prostrate on the ground, feigning to be very far gone indeed. He was lifted tenderly on to the canvas stretchers, while his savior gave a series of low delighted barks and wagged his tail as the Major rewarded him with kind words and caressing hand.

The dog immediately resumed his search for the next casualty; and soon the cry of "Bearer company" from out of the darkness would bring the stretcher men up at the run. After this, for some time, the dog searched over a large area in vain. Suddenly he plunged into a dense growth of bracken on the left flank of a hill. Major Richardson judged that this was too far away for any wounded men to be found, and called him back.

But the dog ignored him, and, as no bell could be heard, the eager creature was followed, and found standing over two prostrate "wounded" almost wholly buried in ferns and bushes.

In Germany the war dog plays many parts besides searching for the wounded. Thus he guards baggage, and will carry despatches at great speed and with many wiles, escaping rifle-shot and bursting shell (he is thoroughly accustomed to both), and getting through an enemy's lines where cavalryman or trooper would merely court inevitable destruction.

The training of the dogs is by no means easy, and calls for sympathy, insight, and immense patience. They vary in intelligence, just as human beings do; and some of them readily see what is required of them and take to the work with great zest. As regards their equipment, the great military na-



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tions have various systems. Bungartz, in Germany, equips his dogs with a saddle which has several pockets, in which are placed neat bandages and surgical dressings; while round the animal's neck is a small barrel with brandy or other stimulant.

Captain Cistola, the Italian authority, places his flask in the pockets of the saddle. Colonel Malentieff, the Russian staff officer charged with the instruction and maintenance of war dogs, provides his four-footed soldiers with lanterns. Major Richardson, however, the English military trainer, considers that the equipment should be as simple as possible. He thinks the bandages and stimulant unnecessary, since British troops carry all their "first aid" dressing on their person. Also, he points out that if a wounded man were able intelligently to take the bandages and stimulants from the dog, he would surely be in a fit state to call out for the stretcher-bearers. Undoubtedly the extra weight of these articles hinders the action of the canine scout.

"My own dogs," he told the writer, "wear a very light canvas saddle with no pockets, but with the Geneva Cross on flaps at either side. Each wears a leather collar and a loud bell. They are attached in relays to the bearer companies of the Ambulance Corps; also to companies of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and to volunteer bearer companies."

Their real use is now internationally acknowledged, as we have seen; and this is especially felt after a battle, when the searchers have collected all the wounded that are visible, and yet it is known from the roll-call that many are still "missing." The great difficulty lies in having dogs trained and ready in sufficient numbers. For it is utterly useless to take untrained dogs into the field in time of war.

A model establishment is, perhaps, that of Italy, where, in the Roman military headquarters, there is a regular training establishment for the "dogs of war," and a large stud of dogs are kept in constant training in peace time. And hither officers come from all parts of the country, from the Alps to Mount Etna, to get practical instruction in the value, selection, and education of the dogs.

ONE OF THE WAR COLLIES OF THE BRITISH ARMY RETURNING WITH A MESSAGE IN HIS POCKET. HE HAS TRAVERSED SIX MILES OF COUNTRY

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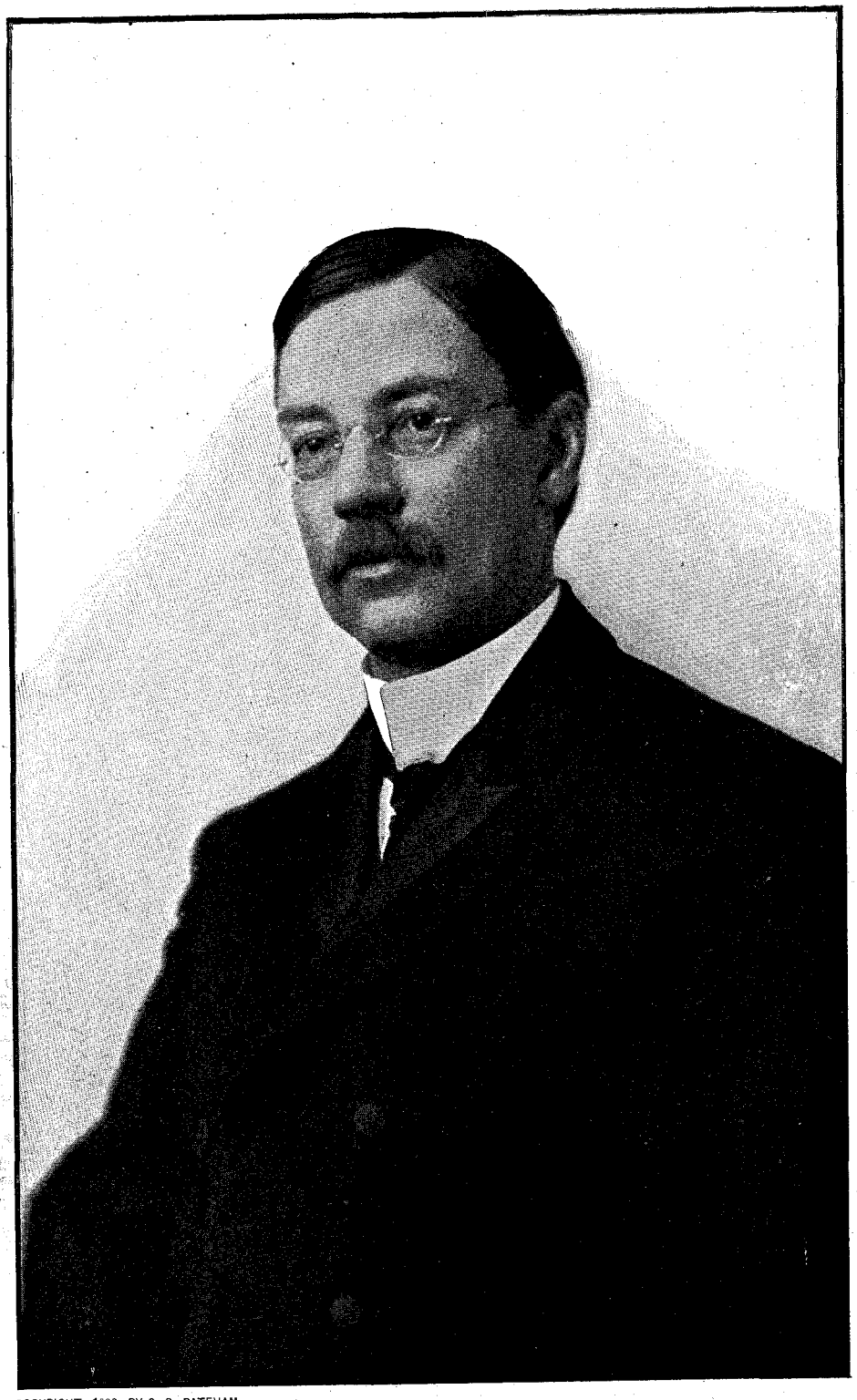

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HENRY CHURCHILL KING

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# CREATIVE AMERICANS

## *HENRY CHURCHILL KING*

### *LEADER IN THEOLOGICAL THOUGHT*

*BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN*

MR. Drummond says that while the New Jerusalem was the proper object of John's faith, because the old Jerusalem was John's city, the vision which should kindle our enthusiasm is not of the new Jerusalem, but of the new Glasgow, the new Boston, the new Chicago, the new Columbus, or whatever city or town may be our home. The new Chicago is waiting in the heavens above the old one—waiting to come down to earth as soon as the people on the ground get ready for it and call it down.

Other cities, great and small, have experienced this transformation. Some of the worst are much less bad than once they were, and some of the best are a great deal better.

It may not have been widely published, but it is a fact that there is a new Oberlin. It has been coming down out of heaven from God for a number of years, but of late the descent has been more rapid and notable. The Oberlin of to-day, in its physical features, in its intellectual attitude, is quite a different community from that of fifty years ago, or even of twenty-five years ago. I do not think that the fundamental moral convictions or tendencies have greatly changed, but the horizon has been extended and the outlook has widened. More than one hand has helped to lay the foundations on which the new Oberlin has been descending out of heaven from God; that calm and courageous thinker, James Fairchild, had much to do with them; that seer and master of assemblies, Edward I. Bosworth, has been busy upon them. But the master builder of the new Oberlin is its present President, Henry Churchill King.

Of the place which President King holds in the hearts of the new generation of Oberlin men and women I have had some opportunities of judging. A few years ago, when he was teaching philosophy in the College, it was my privilege to hear him deliver a "Thursday Lecture" to the students in the chapel. The old building was packed to the doors, and the welcome which the students gave him when he rose to speak was itself a revelation. The lecture was a rather stiff scientific discussion of the psychological principles underlying conduct; it was unsparing as surgery, but it was tender as maternity, and it was good to look into those students' faces and see how this serious appeal in which there was never a tone of "jollying" held their thought and gripped their consciences. When the hour's address was ended, the volley of sustained applause was a tribute that did equal credit to speaker and hearers. From that hour I had no doubt who ought to be the President of Oberlin.

Three years ago, at his inauguration, I had the honor of walking with President King in the procession to the church, and when the long line opened order and let us march through, the greeting that he received was something to remember. The faculty and the alumni, especially the later ones, were enthusiastic enough, but the undergraduates—what a passion of loyalty, of admiration, of affection, it was that shone from their eyes and rang in their voices! To have won such regard as this from thousands of young men and women is a greater



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service to education than to have created half a dozen quadrangles or to have gathered ten millions of endowments.

There is no mystery about the method by which Henry King has won for himself, and for the things for which he stands, the allegiance of his students. He is willing to know the truth, and he is willing that they should know it. He treats them with the utmost candor. He is not afraid of facts. I remember hearing him describe a meeting at which a great body of young Bible students had been misled by a cowardly and disingenuous obscurantism. "I determined," he said, "that the students at Oberlin should not, if I could help it, go out into the world without knowing the truth about the Bible. It is safe for them to know it, and it is not safe for them to be ignorant of it." President King believes in the "square deal" in the class-room, even when theology and criticism are under discussion. And yet he is as far as possible from being an iconoclast. His reverence for old truth is as tender as his hospitality to new truth is cordial. He is too good an evolutionist to be a despiser of the ways in which the Spirit has been leading the churches. And while it is always fresh truth that he gives you, you know that it is vitally related to the life of the past generations.

Dr. King has been closely identified with Oberlin from an early age. He graduated from the College in the class of 1879, and from the Seminary in 1882; taught Latin and mathematics for several years in the Academy; occupied the chair of mathematics for six years in the College, and that of philosophy for about the same period; and since 1897 has been the professor of theology in the theological seminary, carrying that burden along with the presidency of the University since 1902. But for a year or two of post-graduate study at Harvard and a similar period at Berlin, his scholastic life has all been spent at Oberlin. Strong influences have sought to remove him to other positions of honor and usefulness, but they have not greatly tempted him. Yet his influence is by no means confined to the lines which proceed from Oberlin. Thinking men of all sects and sections are his debtors; he is distinctly one of the stimulating forces of theological and sociological thought at the beginning of this century.

The four volumes in which President King has challenged the attention of his contemporaries are: "Reconstruction in Theology" (1901); "Theology and the Social Consciousness" (1902); "Personal and Ideal Elements in Education" (1904), and "Rational Living" (1905). The third of these is a collection of addresses; the other three are consecutive treatises on the themes indicated in their titles.

The first of these books frankly confronts the demand for a thorough restatement of theological theories. Twenty-five years ago there arose in Oberlin a demand for the reshaping of the theology of the Congregational churches. Those who gave voice to this demand pointed out that the only body of doctrine to which the Congregationalists of this country had ever committed themselves was the Savoy Confession, and that the churches had, undeniably, moved far away from that, and ought not to be under the suspicion of adhering to any such antiquated symbol. Their contention prevailed to this extent, that the National Council appointed a Commission who prepared and published, on their own authority, what was known as "The Creed of 1883." That was regarded as a great improvement. It was, indeed, free from many of the fatalistic and unethical elements contained in the elder symbol, but its constructive idea was still that political or monarchical conception by which the whole of Western theology has been shaped since the days of Augustine. This forensic figure has more than served its time; it is wholly out of harmony with the prevailing modes of thought; and President King has helped us to see the need of setting it aside and substituting for it a more spiritual conception of our relation to God.

The most important contribution which President King has made to theology is in the clearness and power with which he has set forth the fact that religion is purely a personal relation, and not in any but a very subordinate sense a political or legal relation, to God; and that

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all our explanations of the religious life must be given in terms of this ruling idea. "Such a personal relation," he says, "when adequately conceived, has no need to be supplemented by any other notion, as of government. It contains in itself the whole truth. The fact is not that we are in personal relations to God and *also* in relations to his government; we are in relation to the government of God because, and in that, we are in personal relation to God."

Such a conception wonderfully simplifies our theological problems. We see at once that most of our difficulties have arisen from our attempts to adjust the schemes of political and juridical machinery which we have constructed out of our own heads for the divine administration.

It helps us, also, to put into a perfectly intelligible statement the facts of the religious life. For, if religion is a personal relation to God, "it means that all the experiences of the Christian life may best be brought under the phenomena of friendship; that its highest possible attainments may be best considered as a deepening friendship; that the conditions may be best known and best definitely formulated as conditions of a deepening friendship. This conception of the Christian life as friendship is fundamental and thoroughgoing, with wide implications. It has often been used in an illustrative way as an analogy; but, so far as the writer knows, it has never been carried thoroughly through in all the aspects of Christian life and experience and thinking as the nearest approach man can make to the final realities of religion. It is far more than an analogy; it is a fact; our relation to God *is* a personal relation, and its laws must be those of personal relations. To say so is only to interpret religion by the very highest in ourselves, and this is our best and only adequate key."

Following this light, we readily see that sin is the violation or the loss of this friendship with God; that redemption or salvation is the restoration of this friendship. And when we comprehend how much it sometimes costs the friend who has been sinned against to repair the broken bond, we have some hint of the nature of what we call atonement. Redemption, in such a case, must always mean the cost "of reverently, patiently, to the bitter end helping another to conquer himself—the inevitable suffering of all redemptive endeavor for those whom one loves. This involves suffering in contact with sin, suffering in the rejection of those sinning, and, most of all, suffering in the sin itself of those one loves because one loves them—suffering which is the more intense the more one loves."

Not only on the side of redemption is this conception fruitful, but it is especially so on the side of sanctification or growth in grace, as shown in the lucid setting forth of the conditions of a deepening friendship with God.

The second volume of the series I have named, "The Theology of the Social Consciousness," makes large use, also, of this personal element. The social consciousness, in President King's view, is a profoundly interesting fact, as it must be to any theologian who believes that God is always in his world; and it must furnish at once the source and the test of the true theology. Dr. King defines the social consciousness simply as the "growing sense of the real brotherhood of men," and he finds in it five elements—"a deepening sense (1) of the likeness or like-mindedness of men; (2) of their mutual influence; (3) of the value and sacredness of the person; (4) of mutual obligation, and (5) of love." The presence of these elements among the ruling ideas of our time cannot be doubted, and their significance for religion and for theology this book most luminously sets forth.

The "deepening sense of brotherhood" is the same phenomenon which Benjamin Kidd describes as the accumulation of "a great fund of altruistic feeling" in the social consciousness; and such a fact will have consequences for theology. Not a few of the old conceptions will find it impossible to live in such an atmosphere. Just how it is affecting dogmatic theology President King points out.

Take the elements into which he analyzes the deepening sense of brotherhood, and apply them to the problems

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of theology. The conviction of "the like-mindedness of men" is the first of these. This, according to Professor Giddings, is the fundamental reason for society. Men are associated because they possess this "consciousness of kind;" it is this that holds them together. This means that deeper than all the differences are the unities of human nature, that in the fundamental interests of life we are alike. Burns's "A man's a man for a' that" is the voice of this conviction. "The uniform experience of social workers, that really knowing 'how the other half lives' brings increasing sympathy, also affirms the fundamental likeness of men."

A generation imbued with this notion can never believe that there are any "prime favorites with God," and thus the old partialism goes glimmering into the outer darkness where it belongs. "We are slowly learning to see the likeness under the differences, and so to transcend the differences even between Occidental and Oriental. And this means much, not only for our practical missionary putting of the truth, but also for our final theological statements. They will inevitably grow simpler, larger, more universally human, and at the same time more deep and solid." The missionaries are finding this out; it was the note struck most often and with deepest conviction at the Haystack celebration.

This conception makes room for a larger belief in men, and a stronger hope for them, and enables us to discern, even beneath theological disagreements, an essential unity. "There is doubtless much 'unconscious Christianity,' much 'unconscious following of Christ.' And we are only following Christ's own counsel when we refuse to forbid the man who is working a good work in his name, though he follows not with us. Certainly, if we accept the witness of a man's life against the witness of his lips when the witness of his lips is right, we ought to accept the witness of his life against the witness of his lips when the witness of his lips is wrong."

The second element in the social consciousness, the growing sense of "the mutual influence of men"—of the fact that they are "members one of another"—produces also its theological consequences. "That we are bound up in one bundle of life with all men and cannot live an isolated life if we would; that we do influence one another whether we will or not, and tend unconsciously to draw others to our level and are ourselves drawn to theirs; that we joy and sorrow together whether we will or not, and grow or deteriorate together," that this is the way we are meant to live, and that the good of life, if we ever win it, will be won through this mutual influence—all this must be taken into account when we frame our theological theories. That character is made only in this way, and that salvation is character, is the fundamental fact. Our explanation of God's ways of winning and saving men must recognize this fact. Our soteriology must make room for this principle. "All the realities in the problem of redeeming a man from sin to righteousness are intensely personal, ethical, spiritual." "Christ saves us, in the only certain way we know that any man is ever saved to better living, through direct contagion of character, through his immediate influence upon us." "The self-giving on the part of one trying to win another into character must precede the self-giving of the sinner; for the sinner's own willingness to yield himself to the influence of the character of the other must first of all be won. This initial winning of the co-operative will of the other is the heart of the whole battle."

The third element of the social consciousness, the growing sense of the sacredness of the person, is perhaps the most potent of all in its effect upon theology. This is enforced by President King in many impressive ways. It helps us to hold fast to the real personality of God; not things, nor forces, nor systems, but persons, are of prime importance: for them all things are and were created; and the Creator who has put such honor upon persons can hardly, himself, be less than a Person.

This reverence for the person which the social consciousness emphasizes falls in with all Christ's methods of dealing with men, and we are beginning to understand his methods and to interpret

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God in accordance with them. "That glimpse which the Revelation gives us of Christ standing and knocking at the heart's closed door is a true picture for evermore, not only of the attitude of Christ's earthly life, but of God's eternal relation to us. Men may override and outrage us, and even think that they show the more love thereby; God never. . . . The definite bestowal of the fateful gift of moral freedom, with the practical certainty of sin—the creation of beings who could sin against him—shows how deeply implanted in the very being of God is this principle of reverence for the person."

The principles of morality cannot change when spirits pass from one life to another. The sacredness of the person will be respected in all worlds. There will be no withdrawal of the freedom once given, and no doors will ever be shut against the returning prodigal. "If, then, the abstract possibility of endless resistance to God cannot be denied, so neither can the possibility—perhaps one might even say the practical probability—be denied that God, in his infinite love and patience and wisdom, may finally win them all out of their resistance. And the eternal hope is at least open; but it is open, it should be noted, only upon the fulfillment by men of those moral conditions which hold now in the earthly life, and which ought now to be obeyed. There will never be an easier way to God. It is shallow thinking which supposes that if there be any possibility of turning to God in the future life it is of small moment that one should now put himself where he ought to be. The full results of our evil sowing we must receive. The utmost that on any rational theory, then, can be held out to men is the hope that, facing a greater heritage of evil than now they face, they might return to God under the same condition of absolute surrender that now holds and the fulfillment of which is now far more easily possible to them."

Such are a few examples of the reaction which President King has traced of the social consciousness upon theology—of the modifications which the Zeitgeist is making in our philosophy of religion.

One might question whether it is safe to permit the social consciousness thus to reconstruct theology. Safe or unsafe, the thing is going on and we are not likely to stop it. We may reassure ourselves by the reflection that all these changes are in the direction of a more Christian conception of God and his relation to man. The social consciousness is more Christian than theology is; it is the Christian elements in the social consciousness that are getting themselves incorporated into theology.

The fact seems to be that the living Christ finds his way into the thoughts and lives of men more readily than into the theological systems. Thus the sentiments and feelings of the people become more thoroughly Christianized than are the philosophical theories of religion; and the social consciousness reacts upon theology and shapes it according to the mind of Christ. This is the history of doctrine; all the great changes have been the result of a purified ethical sentiment. Dr. King is looking in the right place for his causes; his method is scientifically accurate.

The other two books, of which I have little room to speak, are full of very stimulating reading. The closing address of the volume entitled "Personal and Ideal Elements in Education" is upon the question "How to Make a Rational Fight for Character." It is a masterly handling of this great theme. I know of nothing finer in the language in the way of practical counsels to young men.

The volume entitled "Rational Living" follows, somewhat, the lines of this address, but extends and deepens them. It takes up the four great inferences from modern psychology—"Life is complex; man is a unity; will and action are of central importance; and the real is concrete"—and undertakes to apply them to the practical problems of conduct. The freshness and vigor of these discussions are notable. Last summer I took this book into the midweek service of my church, and read the greater part of it, on the Wednesday evenings of July and August; and the attendance on those midsummer evenings was larger than it is apt to be in the cooler months. The interest of the people in

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these practical applications of the new psychology to the problems of the Christian life deepened to the end of the readings. That may serve as an indication of the manner in which this teacher is able to popularize great themes.

President King is yet a young man; he was born in 1858. The contribution which he has already made to theological and ethical science is very valuable; let us hope that the administration of his great university will leave him time and strength for larger tasks in the coming years. In few of our teachers is there a happier blending of courageous intellect, irenic temper, moral thoroughness, and religious earnestness. The splendid body of young men who are just now coming to the front in all parts of the land as teachers and preachers and journalists will find in him a brave and safe leader.

# *LYRICS UNSUNG*

*BY EDITH M. THOMAS*

Oh, believe not those who say,
Song hath had its Perfect Day!
Tones of infinite sweet change
Tremble past our hearing's range;
Rays beyond the violet
Eyes of ours behold not yet!
Here a gage will I throw down—
*We are not the ages' crown:*
After us are coming those
To whose senses shall unclose
Beauty hidden from our sight
In a fold of common light—
Music, shut in Eol's cell,
Sweeter far than Arion's shell
Touched to soothe the savage sea!

Who will answer this to me,
When I ask if any deem
That the poet's song and dream
Have not reaches unexplored—
Deeps unsounded—heights unsoared?
Nay! To every race and tongue
There are lyrics yet unsung!
For this life of man keeps pace
To a Mighty Step in space;
And the mists that round us drift
Ever more and more uplift!
Oh, the Father still creates;
And the child in wonder waits,
Ready, new delights to find
Where, before, the eyes were blind—
Where, before, the ears were dead!
So, I say, as I have said:
There are lyrics yet unsung—
Unto harps as yet not strung!

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WILLIAM AUSTIN

# *PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN*

## *BY WILLIAM AUSTIN*

### *WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE*

THE opinion that Americans are materialists, so widely held in Europe and so often enforced with more heat than light by a small group of our own writers and a larger group of Americans resident in foreign parts, will strike students half a century hence as one of those curiosities of partial observation and mistaken judgment which furnish the pages of history with innumerable warnings. The most casual acquaintance with American literature shows how misled and misleading this opinion is; how strikingly American prose and poetry have revealed, from the beginning, an idealistic temper. The early New England writers were much more concerned with the safety of their souls than with the comfort of their bodies; Freneau, Hopkinson, and Woolman, in the section now known as the Middle States, were intensely preoccu-



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pied with the struggle for independence or the direct communion of the spirit with its Maker; Smith, Byrd, Beverley, in Virginia, wrote of strange adventures in a new world, of men and affairs, with the wit, intelligence, alertness, of accomplished men of the world, or of historical occurrences with a grave reserve and sometimes with a sober eloquence. "The next favor I would ask of him," wrote Robert Beverley in a half-serious address to his reader, "should be not to criticise too unmercifully upon my style."

The background of the supernatural against which life in New England moved for many decades, and of the marvelous and mysterious in nature which deeply affected the imagination of the Southern colonists, or of the adventurous settlers who crossed the Alleghanies or advanced up the Mohawk Valley, tinged a good deal of early writing with a sense of wonder, and fostered the love of the marvelous and the unseen. Of this kind of writing, which Hawthorne and Poe were to carry close to the line of perfection, "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," is a very interesting though very little known example. Its author, William Austin, was an important figure in his own time, though his name does not appear in the indexes of many books on American literature. He belongs to the earliest period of the first considerable literary movement in this country; for he was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in March, 1778, three years after the battle of Lexington. He was graduated from Harvard twenty years later and began the study of law. He appears, however, to have been as deeply interested in his avocations as in his vocation, and foremost among these was the writing of books. His activity in politics is suggested by the fact that early in the last century he was wounded in a duel, the culmination of a political quarrel. Among the publications which bore his name were a collection of "Letters from London," an "Oration on the Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Late Joseph Natterson," and an "Essay on the Human Character of Jesus Christ."

None of these attracted the attention or gained the popularity of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," which appeared in the New England Galaxy about 1824, and which is reprinted in the very useful "Library of American Literature" edited by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson (now Mrs. Royal Cortissoz). It is probable that the story in the form in which it was originally written was identical with that which The Outlook gives its readers this week as the second of the twelve short stories of permanent interest to appear in the twelve Magazine Numbers for 1907; and that its popularity led Austin to write a kind of sequel, describing Peter Rugg's journeys as far south as Virginia, and his final return to Boston. This addition, which weakens rather than deepens the impression of the mysterious and fateful which the story conveys, will be found in "The Library of American Literature."

The motives of "Peter Rugg"—for it has two motives—are very old; the man who is driven on to a destination which he never reaches, and the man who loses the consciousness of time and awakes to find his world wholly changed, are familiar figures in the legends of many countries. In many of these stories the offense which brings down the penalty is, as in this story, the audacious assertion of the will against the higher powers. In the changed Boston to which Peter Rugg returns in the sequel there is a suggestion of "Rip Van Winkle," which appeared in "The Sketch Book" in 1819; but the story has the spirit of Charles Brockden Brown, of Hawthorne, and of Poe, rather than of Irving, whose genial

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feeling invested with perennial charm the career of the lovable vagabond, and gave his awakening on the lonely slope of the Catskills a touch of humor. "Twice Told Tales" did not appear until more than a decade after the publication of "Peter Rugg;" the earliest of Poe's stories of mystery and terror was not published until 1831. It is evident, therefore, that neither Hawthorne nor Poe influenced the author of "Peter Rugg." Charles Brockden Brown, the first American who followed Letters as a profession, and whose tales turn largely on mysterious persons and happenings and deal in somnambulism, ventriloquism, various forms of insanity, presentiments and dreams, died in 1810, and "Arthur Mervyn," "Ormond," "Edgar Huntly," and "Wieland" were probably in the hands of William Austin, and may have had something to do, by way of suggestion, with the single story that is likely to survive the oblivion which has overtaken the "Letters from London." It is too late to settle this question, and it is of slight importance. The story of the man who was driven relentlessly on through storm and time remains an interesting and significant achievement of our early literature.

H. W. M.

FROM JONATHAN DUNWELL OF NEW YORK, TO MR. HERMANN KRAUFF

SIR,—Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative.

When we had traveled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?" "No," said I; "why do you ask?" "You will want one soon," said he; "do you observe the ears of all the horses?" "Yes, and was just about to ask the reason." "They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon." At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble." "Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met them more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was traveling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him, and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop anywhere?" "I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and, let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole, and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as



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not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him." We presently approached another hill, and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning." And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular network, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud; he said every flash of lightning near its center discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand, and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike towards Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him a thunderclap broke distinctly over the man's head and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed, and, as well as I could judge, he traveled just as fast as the thunder cloud." While this man was speaking, a peddler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different States; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston, and that a thunder shower like the present had each time deluged him, his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for that, long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road and flung back his ears. "In short," said the peddler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as if they belonged to this world."

This is all that I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me like one of those things which had never happened, had I not, as I stood recently on the doorstep of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man that I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveler, held in light esteem by all inn-holders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the Government does not employ him to carry the mail." "Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side. How long would it take, in that case, to send a letter to Boston? For Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty

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years traveling to that place." "But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere, does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man." "Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for a judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge." "You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?" "Why, yes; he looks as though he never ate, drank, or slept; and his child looks older than himself; and he looks like time broke off from eternity and anxious to gain a resting-place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles. 'Why,' said he, 'how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to deceive a traveler. I have lost my way. Pray direct me the nearest way to Boston.' I repeated it was one hundred miles. 'How can you say so?' said he. 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have traveled all night.' 'But,' said I, 'you are now traveling from Boston. You must turn back.' 'Alas!' said he, 'it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way.' 'But will you not stop and rest?' said I; 'you seem wet and weary.' 'Yes,' said he, 'it has been foul weather since I left home.' 'Stop, then, and refresh yourself.' 'I must not stop, I must reach home to-night, if possible, though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.' He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?" "I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him, for see, he has turned his horse and is passing this way." In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly, I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he; "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?" "In Middle Street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? it has not rained here to-day." "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?" "Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveler; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimac?" "No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer. His impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings—he seemed to devour all before him and to scorn all behind.

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I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this: The last summer a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old, weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died, at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door." "Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft." The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house." "Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk." "But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and, what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child." "Pray," said the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg." "Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?" "Just above here, in Orange-Tree Lane." "There is no such place in this neighborhood." "What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange-Tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill." "There is no such lane now." "Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street." "I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town." "No such street as King Street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary. I must find a resting-place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market." "Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets." "You know there is but one market, near the town dock." "Oh, the old market. But no such man as Hart has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and muttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake! How much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street." Then said he, "Madam, can you direct me to Boston?" "Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston. I know of no other Boston." "City of Boston it may be, but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?" "It is Charles River Bridge." "I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I was in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it." At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, "No home to-night," and, giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had

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kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and as Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten. "It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice." "Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him." "Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston Massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March, and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man." Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been traveling since the Boston Massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world.

In the course of the evening I related my adventure in Middle Street. "Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story." "Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own." "Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily his temper at times was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle. And thus, in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

"It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry overnight. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter

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will perish; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the storm increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.*' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turning towards his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the street. And this is credible, if, indeed, Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterwards watched again; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing. Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next day they heard of him winding around the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after, a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

"But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston. . . .

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# *Comment on Current Books*

*Comedy Queens*

Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, George Anne Bellamy, "Perdita" Robinson, Mrs. Jordan—such are a few of the names that come to mind when one thinks of the stage in the days of the Georges. All these, and others less known to students of the period, are described by Mr. Fyvie with animation and abundant anecdote. We might perhaps have been spared a little of the scandal, and one would prefer, as a matter of proportion and taste, that there should have been less about these actresses' private lives and more about their public careers and their manner of acting. There is sometimes also displayed a not altogether good-natured spirit. The book will not rank with the recent memoirs of David Garrick by Mrs. Parsons. There are many portraits, and the book is handsomely made. (Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.)

*Christ and the Human Race*

In these lectures on the attitude of Jesus Christ to foreign races and religions Dr. Hall, now returning from his second series of lectures in India, is concerned with the proper attitude of a Christian man toward the non-Christian religions. "The large fact" for those to consider who would sympathetically study the religious life of Orientals he finds in "the age-long struggle for philosophical monotheism. . . . The outcome promises to be the most profound mystical conception of a personal Deity to which man has yet attained." Both Christianity and culture demand the discarding of race prejudice, together with provincial disdain of ways which are not our ways, that we may see how God fulfills himself in many ways. There is no quarrel of the Orient with Christ. Its opposition to missions from the Occident springs from its "scorn and distrust" of the hostile Powers of the West. But if the East, as we believe, needs the West, so does the West need the East. The monotheism which culminates in the religion of Jesus Christ has, says Dr. Hall, "a vastness of design, a universality of content, a mystical depth, by which it exhausts the Western power of interpretation, and demands the prophetic insight of the East also. . . . As our knowledge of religious insight and experience outside of Christianity increases, . . . we become conscious of depths in that religion which can be sounded only by those who have the mind and temperament of the East by birth or by sympathetic assimilation." To-day, he affirms, "the East denounces Western Christendom, yet in spirit approaches nearer and nearer to the worship of Christ." Thus far have the leaders of Christian thought advanced from the recent grouping of all religions but their own as "false religions." In conclusion Dr. Hall gives the standpoints now to be taken by the Christian educator, physician, and minister in the East. What he says of the minister in the East must be pondered by the minister here. "He must take the position that, as yet, Christ has been but partially interpreted through the evolution of the Western religious consciousness." (Christ and the Human Race. Being the Noble Lectures for 1906. By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25, net.)

*Costume and Fancy Dress*

Not so much the decrees of modern fashion in woman's dress and adornment as the singularities, beauties, and monstrosities of old times, the typical costume of races and nations, receive attention here. Fancy and theatrical garb and peasants' dress also receive careful attention. The book would certainly be of great use to any one designing stage or ball costumes in securing correctness and uniformity of plan and preventing the too common anachronisms. The author has sought faithfully for material and gives elaborate and detailed information, while the artist, Mr. Percy Anderson, gives us many attractive colored plates and drawings in monotone. (Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.)

*The Enemy at Trafalgar*

The English author of this narrative of the battle of Trafalgar thinks that attention has been heretofore too exclusively centered on Nelson. He aims therefore to describe the "enemy's side" through the words of French and Spanish eye-witnesses and participants in the fight. One special advantage of this method is that it allows of an extremely interesting account of the fate of the captured ships and the adventures of the prisoners. Altogether it is a novel idea, and its manner of execution throws light on the last great naval combat between France and England. (The Enemy at Trafalgar. By Edward Fraser. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.)



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*The Foolish Almanak* The calendar stars various days with jokes and "grinds" more or less witty. Thus, for the first Wednesday in February:

(1781) "Battle of Cowpens." British defeated by Morgan.

(1906) Second "Battle of Cowpens." Packers defeated by O'Neil and Reynolds.

Besides many other good specimens there are also many unsuccessful attempts at wit. (The Foolish Almanak 2d. John W. Luce & Co., Boston. 75 cents.)

*Geology and the Bible* For more than forty years the veteran Oberlin professor has been an assiduous student of geology as well as of theology, and has traveled widely in that interest. This volume embodies the results of his latest investigations besides those found in his former writings. They show, what other investigators have held, that certain occurrences recorded in the Old Testament as miracles—the deluge, the destruction of Sodom, the Hebrews' fording of the Red Sea and the Jordan, the overthrow of Jericho—belong to the history of the natural operation of geological causes. These natural causes, however, Dr. Wright holds to have been touched off by the direct act of God to meet the occasions, as really as the hunter fires his gun. It is more surprising that he apparently regards the legend of "Lot's wife" as credible history. Whether in the Old Testament or the New, Dr. Wright is uncompromisingly opposed to the conclusions adopted by the majority of Biblical scholars. He is also opposed to anthropologists in his belief that the entire human race except the family of Noah perished in the deluge. Geology is his forte, and the value of the present volume comes from his researches in that field. (Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History. By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D. Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio. $2, net.)

*Hero Tales* The characters sketched in this volume are all illustrious in the history of the Congregational churches for nearly three centuries. As pioneers of religion and civilization, and as builders of institutions, their names have gone into our National history, and their lives deserve the commemoration here bestowed. It is intended especially for adolescent readers, and is effectively illustrated. (Hero Tales of Congregational History. By Grace T. Davis. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.25, net.)

*In Uganda* It is the northern part of Uganda here described by an English missionary—a section of Africa now fairly well known to geographers and ethnologists. As a record of travel, sport, and adventure the book has considerable interest, and the author gives a clear idea of the customs and superstitions of the natives. There are many pictures of but moderate interest. (Uganda to Khartoum. By Arthur B. Lloyd. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)

*Poems of W. B. Yeats* The first of two attractive volumes in which Mr. Yeats proposes to put all his poetry which he cares to have preserved. This volume contains selections from his early poems: "Ballads and Lyrics," "The Wanderings of Oisin," "The Rose," "The Wind Among the Reeds," "In the Seven Woods," "The Old Age of Queen Meave," and "Baile and Aillinn." The second volume, which will be issued later in the season, will contain Mr. Yeats's dramas in verse. (The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. Vol. I. Lyrical Poems. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.)

*The Story Book Girls* A very interestingly planned and well-executed book, with a delightfully fresh plot, in which a group of English girls attempt to conduct their lives according to story-book ideals. The difficulties in the way are innumerable, but the faith is great, the rewards are many, and the story moves with a lively step through a great many entertaining scenes. The characters are well drawn, clearly contrasted, and the talk very bright. Altogether this must be counted not only an interesting book for older girls, but also a very promising piece of work. (The Story Book Girls. By Christiana Gowans Whyte. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

*Styles in Furniture* If furniture-makers get hopelessly mixed up in attempting to define to their patrons just what furniture belongs, in style, to the ages of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., the general public is apt to get still more mixed. It is indeed time that we should have such a popular book as the present, clearly defining that which really distinguishes each of these styles; and not only these, but also defining differences between the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles, and between the Queen Anne and the Chippendale. Furniture-makers should be grateful to Helen Churchill Candee's well-printed and interestingly illustrated book, for it will increase popular knowledge and appreciation of their goods. But the buying and "looking" public may have greater cause for gratitude. (Decorative Styles and Periods in the Home. By Helen Churchill Candee. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2, net.)

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# THE TELEGRAPHONE: ITS PRINCIPLE AND USES

## BY FRANCIS WESLEY

It is related that Edison's inventions, both of the phonograph and of the carbon of the electric light, were more nearly accidents in evolution than actual discoveries. In "finding" the phonograph, hundreds of methods, involving experiments with a great variety of chemical and other substances and combinations, were made in the vain search for a medium upon which the human voice might be *recorded.* The same patient analysis was necessary to "find" the medium through which the human voice, once recorded, might be even mechanically reproduced or imitated.

The medium or thing finally adopted was a lucky strike in looking for something else. It suggested itself, as it were.

This was confessedly the case with the *Telegraphone*, the most remarkable, practical, and universally useful of recent scientific achievements.

About six years ago Valdemar Poulsen, the Danish inventor of the *Telegraphone*, was experimenting with a new telephone scheme when he was suddenly made acquainted with an unsuspected principle of electro-magnetism which seemed to offer the solution of all the vexatious problems of sound-reproduction.

The result is the *Telegraphone*, an instrument so entirely new in applied science that the inventor is protected by basic patents in thirty-eight countries; a basic patent of such force and clarity that the U. S. Government requested Poulsen to exhibit the *Telegraphone* at the St. Louis Exposition, as an object lesson of what a basic patent was and ought to be.

It is often difficult to describe, in words intelligible to the lay reader, the instrument used to express a new scientific principle. The principle itself, as in electro-magnetism, is too intangible to illustrate. This is specially true of the *Telegraphone*, but the writer will endeavor to transcribe into everyday English the underlying principle of this wonderful invention, its form, and one or two of its many uses.

First for the underlying principle:

Before Poulsen made his discovery, it was accepted as a fact among scientists that if a disc or plate of steel were brought into contact with a magnet, its entire surface would become magnetized. Therefore, anything like a magnetic inscription on steel would have been regarded as utterly impossible, because the earlier experiences had led to the belief that the magnetic "spread" would spoil the record, just as a spread of ink would obscure the words were one to write on a piece of blotting-paper.

Poulsen, however, learned experimentally that with an electro-magnet of sufficient delicacy he could confine the magnetism of a steel plate or wire to the points of actual magnetic contact; that he could cover a disc with independent magnetic lines or circles, and that the magnetized particles would not interfere one with another. This was an original and revolutionary discovery of an electro-magnetic principle, and it was the inspiration of the *Telegraphone*, the most extraordinary and mystifying of practical inventions.

Then as to the instrument—the *Telegraphone* itself:

A fine wire, 1-100 of an inch in diameter, runs from one spool to wind about another spool. As it passes, in operation, from one spool to the other it goes between two pairs of magnets poised on a movable arm midway between the two spools. As this very fine wire passes between the magnets it is magnetically impregnated in exact correspondence with the sound waves that set the diaphragm of the mouthpiece in vibration. The molecules of steel are silently charged by electro-magnetic tracings or injections, and receive no other impression than that noiselessly discharged from the magnets. Nothing mechanical taking place in the operation, it is impossible that any extraneous sound should mar or in any other way qualify or alter the record of the vocal or other agent producing the sound waves at the mouth of the instrument.

There is no scratching, no "b-r-r-r-r," nor can there be. There is quality, tone, color, and individuality in the *Telegraphone* voice, simply because each or all are in the human voice it duplicates.

This type of the *Telegraphone*, while primarily designed to duplicate vocal or other sounds and thus perfectly perform the many functions now being imperfectly done by mechanical talking *machines*, "fills a long-felt want" by not only recording an entire telephone conversation upon the telegraphone at either or both ends of the line, but by auto-

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matically receiving and recording telephone messages when the subscriber isn't present to do it in person.

"What! record the varying tones and emotions of the human voice on a fine steel wire, 1-100 of an inch in diameter?" asks the querulous. The affirmative answer to this natural question proved with his own eyes and ears by the *Telegraphone* itself, only begins the mystery. He still must learn and admit that this record is as imperishable as it is intangible—that rust doesn't mar or lessen either the volume or clearness of the voice duplication made upon and from this tiny wire, a day or month or years after the original electro-magnetic impression. The wire may even be polished without affecting the record. As long as there is any wire at all there is the voice in the wire, waiting to repeat its original message or song.

Then there is the disc type of *Telegraphone*, in which a thin disc of steel is used in place of the wire as a medium for recording sound. One speaks into the mouthpiece, the sound waves are conveyed electrically into the magnet, which registers them upon the steel disc in corresponding magnetic lines in ever-decreasing circles. When the process is reversed, one hears the reproducing sounds by means of an ordinary telephone receiver or an amplifying instrument or horn.

The disc, like the wire, may be allowed to rust, or it may be bent and be flattened into shape again, without the record in either case being the least impaired.

The original record, like its registrar, is imperishable, but is automatically removed by the de-magnetizing of the next or subsequent message given to the instrument. The wire or disc may thus be used again for a new impression, and this process repeated indefinitely. The expense, indeed, for the *Telegraphone* "records" bears but a small relation to the same item in talking *machines*.

The disc type of *Telegraphone* revolutionizes all present methods of dictation. The busy man, secure and undisturbed in the privacy of his own office, "talks" his letters into the mouthpiece of the instrument. Should he, for any reason, desire to amend or alter any words already spoken, a simple device on the transmitter enables him to "go back" and correct himself.

The typist may be in the next or in another room. Indeed, with the wire type of the *Telegraphone*, the dictation may be automatically telephoned to another building or another city.

One's imagination runs riot as the new and wonderful uses of these "talking letters" are pictured!

The baby who doesn't know the alphabet can prattle a letter to its father, the disc is mailed in an ordinary 2c. envelope, and the message faithfully and clearly repeated by the nearest *Telegraphone*.

The blind can not only write each other, but can "read" (hear) the daily news or the world's best literature by the inexpensive, convenient disc *Telegraphone*. At present the few cumbersome, costly books of raised letters are the only medium for conveying book-knowledge to the blind, and there is none at all for daily news or magazine articles.

The traveling man *Telegraphones*-talks his orders (with a portable instrument in a leather case) and the business news of the day to his Sales Manager, mails his disc, and the "house" receives and distributes this valuable information the next morning.

All forms of business, social, and private correspondence will be immensely stimulated by the *Telegraphone*, for it is easier to "talk" a letter than to write one, and, where the filing of the correspondence isn't a business necessity, the one disc may be used over and over again.

When so competent an observer as Sir William Preece, K.C.B., says:

> "The *Telegraphone* is one of those things which is going to open the eyes of all our physicists, scientists, and theoretical men on the question of the molecular character of all magnetic and electric operations. This continual exchange of energy through electrical connections, through diaphragms and steel circuits, performed by this beautiful instrument of Mr. Poulsen's, is marvelous,"

it is obvious that neither the invention nor its manifold purposes can be adequately described within the limitations of a short magazine article. The American Telegraphone Company has all the rights to apply the invention in this country. For these it gave the inventor 35 per cent. of its stock. The remaining 65 per cent. was placed in the company's treasury to be issued from time to time as needed for expansion and factory purposes; 100,000 shares were offered at $10 through the company's fiscal agents, and this issue is now nearly all subscribed. Readers of The Outlook who reside in or may be visiting New York will be glad to learn that the *Telegraphone* may be examined, in actual operation, at the offices of the Sterling Debenture Corporation, 56 Wall Street, New York, and illustrated booklet No. 223, completely describing the instrument, will be forwarded upon application to the same corporation.

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